

AS ON THE SEA

A SPANKING breeze filled the cloud of sail above the 2200-ton *Constitution* as she clipped through the sea at her full 13 knots on the bright morning of 19 August, 1812. Her captain, Isaac Hull, her sailors and her Marines were bent on wreaking vengeance against a British Navy which had long taken advantage of a low ebb in American naval power.

Only a few poorly-manned vessels represented the naval might of this country on that black day, in 1807, when the HMS *Leopard* blasted the USS *Chesapeake* into forcing her to strike her colors. The *Chesapeake* had been stopped at the mouth of the Potomac river soon after she had weighed anchor at the Washington Navy Yard. The *Leopard* demanded that she turn over "British deserters" she allegedly carried aboard her. She refused and was soundly beaten.

American ire was thoroughly aroused. Congress took steps to strengthen the Navy and, among other things, the force of 600 Marines was boosted to an unheard-of total of 1300. Then on 18 June, 1812, the U. S. Government declared war on Great Britain.

Now, on 19 August, the *Constitution* set her a course for the Bahamas, a British stronghold. In the afternoon the Bo'sun's mate had just struck four bells when the lookout on the foremast cried, "Sail Ho!" As the sail grew the word ran through the ship: It was a recent pursuer, the *Guerriere*. American frigates of the *Constitution* class were more powerful than British frigates, but the Britisher was confidently shortening sail to allow the Yankee to come up. A deep-throated cheer rose from the crew as Captain Hull ordered decks cleared for action.

On the *Guerriere*, Captain Dacres told his crew:

"There is the Yankee frigate. In 45 minutes she is certainly ours. Take her in 15 and I promise you four months pay."

The *Guerriere* had been sighted at 1400. At 1700 the full company of Marines assembled — two lieutenants, three sergeants, two corporals, 50 privates, a drummer and a fifer. Half the detachment of Marines were ordered into the rigging, while the remainder stood by for boarding.

The *Constitution* came on rapidly. At 1710 the *Guerriere*, which had turned to starboard and was crossing the *Constitution's* bow at some distance, opened up with a broadside from her starboard batteries. The Britisher then quickly yawed to port, and crossing the American's bow again five minutes later, fired her port guns. At this point, the *Constitution*, which had drawn closer, used her two bow guns for the first time.

For the next 45 minutes the two ships jockeyed for position. The *Guerriere* crossed the *Constitution's* bows once more and, straightening her course, permitted

the American to catch up and run parallel. At half pistol range Captain Hull cried:

"Now boys, pour it into them!"

Only two balls had crashed through the rigging of the racing *Constitution*. In the first exchanges of broadsides — three by the *Constitution* to four by the *Guerriere* — the Americans were showing superior marksmanship. In 15 minutes Hull put 30 shots into the Britisher below the waterline. The *Guerriere's* mizzenmast crashed over the side, and staggering under her grievous wounds, Dacres' ship veered.

The *Constitution* was still hardly hit. One shot bounded harmlessly off her side into the sea. An American shouted:

"Hurrah. Her sides are iron."

The cry was taken up and the *Constitution* became "Old Ironsides" in the heat of battle.

The *Constitution* swept 200 yards beyond the Britisher and came about to cross her bow. Two more broadsides met the *Guerriere* as she, out of control, crashed into the American, sending her bowsprit through the lee mizzen shrouds of the *Constitution*. Navy Lieutenant Morris, officer of the deck, leapt to the taffrail to pass a line about the British bowsprit and was struck down by a pistol shot through his body. A cannon ball set the *Constitution's* cabin afire.

Now, as the two fighting ships hung together, the time was at hand for the Marines to go into action. Marine First Lieutenant William S. Bush led his men aft to board the enemy. Sword in hand he mounted the taffrail, pausing to shout to Captain Hull:

"Shall I board her, Sir?"

As he spoke a musket ball struck him in the head. He fell, and died in the arms of his sergeant.

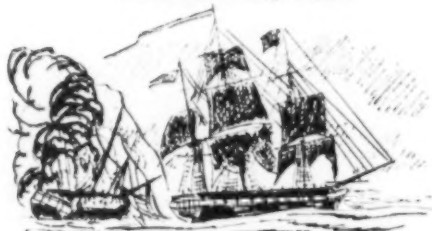
Second Lieutenant John Contee took command of the boarding party but just as the order, "boarders away," was given, a swell pulled the two ships apart. All firing from the mastless *Guerriere* had ceased and she drifted helplessly on the rolling sea. Aboard the *Constitution* the wreckage was cleared from the deck and the wounded were picked up and treated. Only one other Marine, Private Francis Mullen, had been injured. A stray shot struck him in the ankle as he sniped from the rigging.

Casualties to the rest of the *Constitution's* crew of 468 were seven dead and seven wounded. The *Guerriere* suffered 15 dead and 63 injured out of her 263 men.

The battle was over at 1900 when Captain Dacres hauled down the Union Jack from the stump of the mainmast. In his report to the Secretary of the Navy, Captain Hull praised Lieut. Contee and the Marines for their bravery. Of Lieut. Bush he said:

"In him our country has lost a brave and valuable officer."

by Sgt. Edward J. Evans



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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

A once formidable Japanese Navy base on the shores of Tokyo Bay is home to 400 Marines who police that part of the occupied nation



The barracks assigned to Marines in Yokosuka would rival those at many a Stateside Marine post

POSTS OF THE CORPS

YOKOSUKA

by Sgt. Harry Polete

Leatherneck Staff Writer

IT LACKED about five minutes of reveille by the clock on the wall when the door opened slowly and a head appeared furtively. A pair of black eyes searched the room from under the visor of a small peaked cap. Inside some 30 Marines were still sound asleep. There was something familiar and even sinister about the cap and the squinting glance—something that stirred the memory and made one want to act quickly. The early morning intruder was clad in the uniform of a Japanese soldier.

As the man glided into the room on silent split-toed sneakers, PFC Jack Lieber opened his eyes and looked at him. But neither Lieber nor the Jap

seemed concerned with each other. The Marine merely turned over with a groan at the thought of the impending blast from the sergeant's whistle. No outcry was uttered. None was needed. The shooting war had been over two years and the Nip was only one of the many former soldiers of the Emperor now employed at the Marine barracks in Yokosuka, Japan.

He had continued to wear his old army uniform for the best of reasons. It was all he had. Clothing was scarce in defeated Japan. So were ciga- rets. The latter shortage was a motivating reason for getting this Japanese to work so early; he wanted to be the first to search the squadrooms for cigaret butts discarded by Marines the night before. It was the only source of this luxury open to the poorer Japanese who are unable to pay the highly inflated prices asked for tobacco on the black market.

Two years before, when Marines were helping to wrest Okinawa from its fanatical defenders, many were convinced the Japanese could never be other than a nation of banzai-shouting people who considered dying for the Emperor a privilege. For a

time it seemed that only their complete extermination would end the war. It is certain that none of the Marines on Okinawa then would ever have allowed any of these people to walk freely into a room of sleeping buddies. However, a series of crushing defeats, the dropping of two atomic bombs and threats of more, changed the national attitude among Japanese. Outwardly, at least, Marines in Japan are finding an entirely different type of Japanese than they had thought to find.

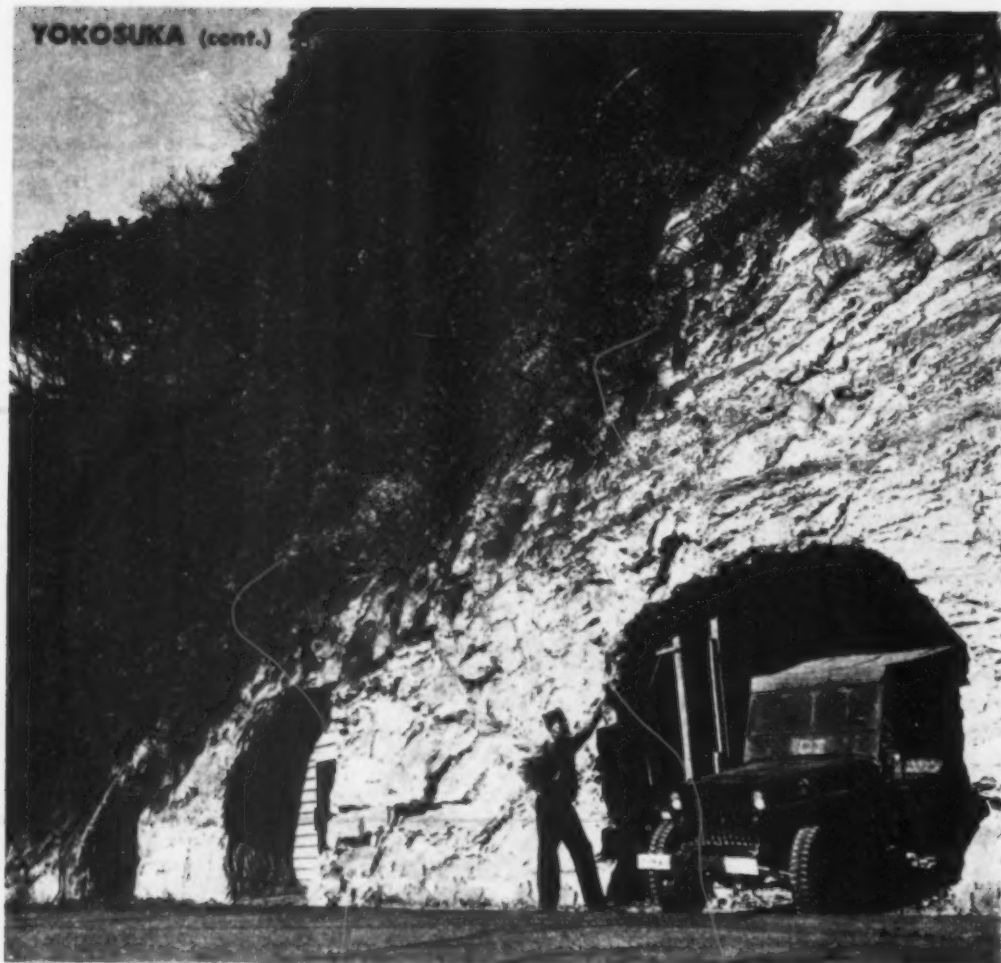
It is hard to imagine the meek little fellow who daily fires a furnace at the Marine Barracks as a fierce ex-corporal in the Imperial Japanese army. The room boy at the Junior officer quarters claims to have been one of Nippon's much vaunted Kamikaze pilots and one of the last hopes of the Japanese warlords for preventing the Americans from reaching the home islands. Only the sudden ending of hostilities saved this one-time "divine wind" from the fate of a many a colleague. Another employee reluctantly admits to having been in command of a suicide boat.

There are many more such Japanese in and about

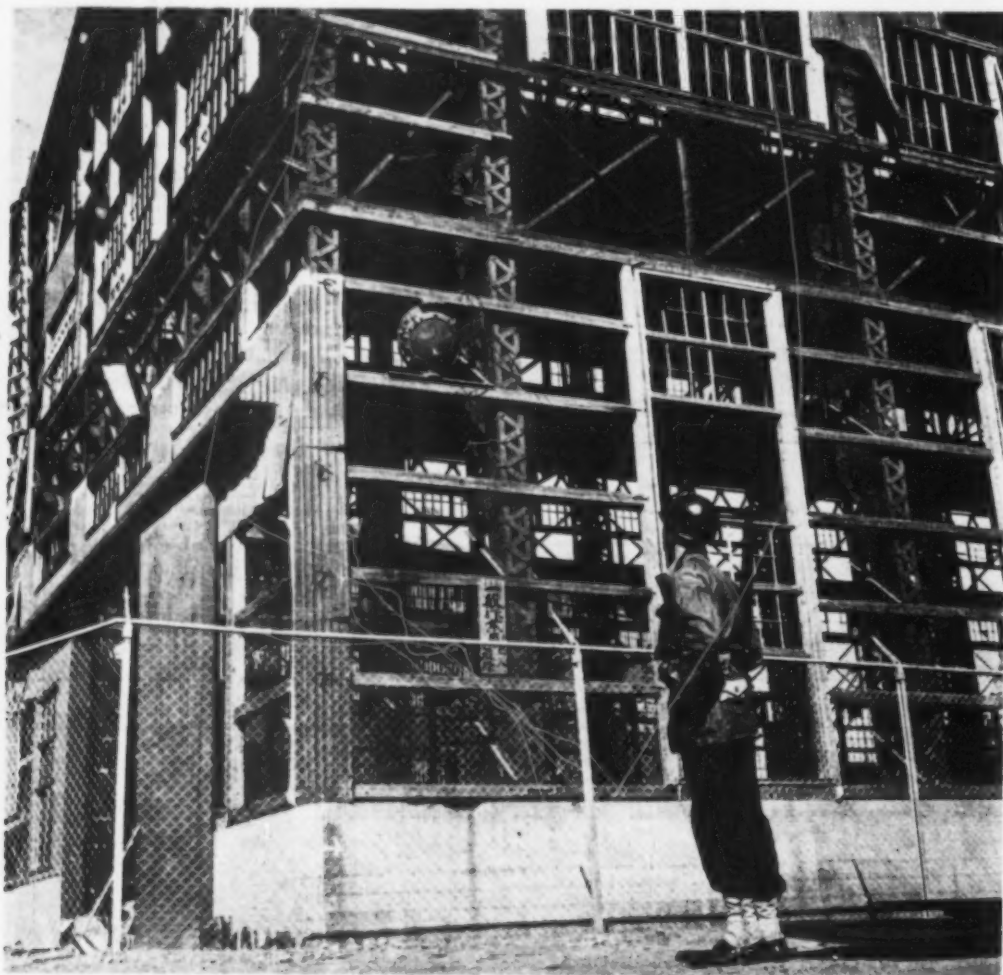
Photos by Corp. William Mellerup

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

YOKOSUKA (cont.)



PFC Donald Nayduck and a jeep give some idea as to the size of this "medium" cave the Nips carved from solid rock. It was a link in the formidable defense system on the Japanese coast



When the Marines landed at Yokosuka they found a number of buildings had been destroyed by bombs and fire. PFC Robert Baumgartener pauses to look at a gutted warehouse on his post

the barracks, practically all of them former army and navy personnel. But this fact is only a matter of temporary concern to most Marines. The biggest point of interest lies in the fact that all this labor is furnished them free of charge, paid for by the Japanese government under terms of the occupation. The monthly wages of the Marines, and of other occupation troops, are paid by the defeated nation under the same arrangement.

Long accustomed to a reputation for smartness, the Marines in Japan find they can maintain this standard with only a minimum amount of personal effort. Their uniforms are pressed gratis, and twice a day if they like, on a steam press located right in the barracks and operated by the Japanese. There are still other Japanese to cut their hair, tailor clothes, sweep the decks, make up sacks, act as room orderlies, mess attendants, carpenters, maintenance men, etc.

Married men who are fortunate enough to have their dependents in Japan have an abundance of domestic help in their homes. Each family is allowed up to four servants without having to pay anything for the service. This is another gift from the Japanese government. And since China is no longer the land of cheap labor that Marines once knew, more and more of them are beginning to ask for duty in Japan. However, all of this free labor doesn't mean that everything in Japan is cheap. You can get rid of a double sawbuck in a hurry while on liberty; Japan has her inflation, too.

Yokosuka, pronounced Yo-kus-ka, as any of the Marines stationed there will quickly tell you, is located in the southern part of the Mirua peninsula. This is the long finger of land that projects out into the Pacific ocean and helps to form Tokyo Bay, where the Japanese signed the surrender documents aboard the USS *Missouri* in September, 1945. Yokosuka is within close liberty distance from Tokyo. It is about an hour and a half's drive by jeep, and a little longer by train, which, again, is fare-free to American servicemen.

Before Yokosuka was rendered useless by Amer-

Many Nipex-warriors

ican bombs, it had been one of the leading naval bases in Japan. An airstrip at the northern end of the base was the Number One experimental station for all naval aircraft. It was here that Japan trained and tested her Kamikaze planes and pilots and perfected the baka bomb. The submarine base, from which one squadron of undersea craft was dispatched to raid Pearl Harbor, had berthing pens for hundreds of midget subs. Here the Americans discovered the largest submersible in the world. Japan had secretly built a submarine large enough to carry four airplanes on its decks.

Today this once mighty Japanese naval base is rapidly taking on all the aspects of a remote corner of the U.S.A., tucked away on the shores of Tokyo Bay. It has begun to look as American as the Brooklyn Navy Yard, or Mare Island, Calif. Even its streets bear such names as "Truman Place," "Vandegrift Lane," and "Nimitz Boulevard." It is now the base for all Fleet activities in Japan, and the home of some 400 Marines, the only representatives of the Corps remaining on occupation duty there. To complete this picture several platoons of men regularly engaged in troop and drill in front of a large and pretentious building, the Marine Barracks.

Perhaps one of the biggest surprises any Marine gets when he reports to Yokosuka for duty is the barracks he will be quartered in. Very few men expect to find the Marines living as well as they do. The barracks is a large, three-storied building formerly used by the Japanese as a billet for sailors whose ships were being repaired, and for those in training. The first deck is now occupied by offices, a recreation hall, barber shop, library and school rooms. Plans were also in progress a few weeks ago, and may by this time have been carried out, for transferring the mess hall and galley from a frame building some 200 yards away to the first deck of the main building. This would put all basic functions of the barracks under one roof.

The second and third decks are given over completely to living quarters. Each is divided into squad bays capable of accommodating approximately 50 men. The staff non-coms have single and double rooms while sergeants and a few corporals bunk three and four to a room. The broad, flat roof of

the barracks provides a secluded haven for those who take their sunbathing seriously.

The building was first occupied by the 2nd Battalion, Fourth Marines, during the early days of the occupation. The 2nd had come ashore shortly after another group of Marines landed at Futtsu Saki to knock out several large naval guns before the fleet entered the bay. This first group of Marines reportedly landed at 0555, some 10 minutes before the airborne troops of the Army landed at Atsugi airfield, just out of Yokohama. It appears that the Marines scored another first — the first occupation troops in Japan.

During those early days the average American had trouble walking through the barracks without knocking himself out against the heavy iron rods from which the Japanese used to sling their hammocks in true navy style. These have all been removed. Where the Marines now bunk 40 men to a squadroom, the Nips used to quarter up to 300, sleeping them in hammocks only inches apart.

The Fourth Marines, as johnnies-come-early, did not have much time for parading. Japan was a mess and their task of disarming and demilitarizing the Mirus peninsula and guarding buildings and installations in the navy yard was a big one. They had charge of Uraga, too. Uraga was the busy port of entry for all repatriated Japanese. But this new Fourth, born in the war, did take a breather to welcome the old Fourth when the Marines who had been captured on Corregidor were released from their prison camps in Japan.

With the exception of men actually on watch, the entire regiment turned out to be reviewed by 126 liberated Marines. The new colors of the Fourth were paraded for the first time and weapons strange to men who had spent the war as guests of the Emperor were put on display. The day ended with a steak dinner. Ships in the bay provided the necessary meat. It was a big day for the Marines at Yokosuka.

By 1 January, 1946, the number of Marines in the Yokosuka area had dwindled to 1500. When

now serving Marines

the records of the last remaining battalion of the Fourth were transferred to China and the battalion reformed at Tsingtao, the Marines left in Yokosuka became a provisional guard battalion. By 1 June, 1946, much of the work of demilitarizing the area had been completed and the Marines were further reduced to a complement of 400 enlisted men and 15 officers, a small residue of the 10,000 who helped to occupy that part of Japan after the surrender. With this reduction, the Marines settled down for the first time in Japan, and began barracks life in much the same manner as they would anywhere else in the Corps. The complement is still 400 enlisted men and 15 officers.

The organization of the Yokosuka barracks follows generally the pattern used by all units under control of Marine Garrison Forces, Pacific. For duty purposes the men are divided into three companies, with the largest number of men — slightly over 200 — assigned to the guard company. Both the headquarters and military police companies have complements of about 100 men each. Until a short time before this article went to press Lieutenant Colonel Bruno A. Hochmuth was their commanding officer. He has been replaced by Colonel W. S. Fellers, former commanding officer of the Marine Barracks at Okinawa. Col. Hochmuth was one of the Marines who made the original Japanese landing. The garrison sergeant major is Master Sergeant Samuel Hurlwitz.

The primary function of the guard company is just what the name signifies, base security. At first a number of seamen-guards helped the Marines police the Yokosuka Naval Base. But shortly after the first of the year the Marines assumed all security posts, including those formerly handled by the "Seamen G-Men," as the Marines referred to their bluejacketed compatriots. Besides both gates to the base and a number of patrols, the Marines maintain guards on fuel dumps, warehouses and the brig. Theirs also is the responsibility of seeing that traffic control is enforced within the confines of the navy yard.

Supervision and control of all immediate areas outside the naval base, including the city of Yokosuka, is a responsibility of the military police company. In this capacity Marines have had a large



The entire naval base is constantly patrolled by Marines as they keep the Japanese laborers under close surveillance at their tasks. PFC Don Proctor stands his day's guard at Post Five



These women street-sweepers are paid by the Japanese government to keep the paved roads of the naval base clean. It is an odd sight to the newcomers, commonplace throughout Japan



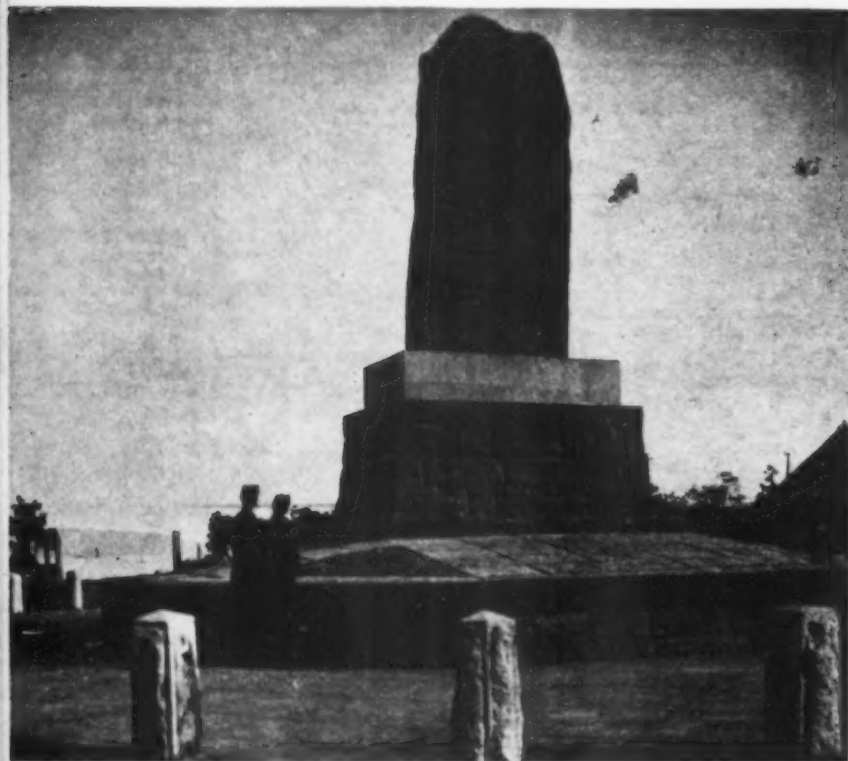
Sergeant R. J. Borgomanerio finds Private Horace Letson is well instructed in the duties of a sentry on post during a routine inspection of the guard. The jeep driver is PFC M. E. O'Leary

YOKOSUKA (cont.)



These two ships are Japan's history. She founded an empire with the first in 1905, and lost it like the second in 1945

Not far from the Marine Barracks in Yokosuka is a monument marking the spot where Perry first landed on Japan in 1853



part in the reorganization of the city's civilian police department. This was accomplished along the lines of a plan suggested to Captain B. W. Decker, USN, by the late Lewis J. Valentine, former New York City police commissioner, when the latter visited in Yokosuka some months ago. General MacArthur commissioned Mr. Valentine to help reorganize Japan's police system.

Since that time the Japanese police have become a reasonable facsimile of the small American city's cop on the corner. They have substituted the traditional short sword for regulation American police clubs, cleaned up the city's jails and instituted new methods of handling prisoners. Formerly, prisoners did not receive too much humane treatment. The Jap cops were given new uniforms, badges, and a raise in pay so they might command the respect of the citizenry. To help them maintain a neat appear-

ance in their new uniforms, the Marines saw to it that a barbershop and pressing shop were installed in the police station.

These improvements, on the surface, have tended to place a firm foundation under the new police force. But, according to Provost Marshal Captain George P. Wolf, USMC, the biggest thing Marines have contributed to the reorganization is their interpretation of how law enforcement agents function under the democratic system. They have passed it on to the Japanese. Their ideas have been drawn from the many police officers they have known, either in fact or fiction, from the old time Texas Rangers to the modern and highly complicated FBI. It is unusual for the people of Yokosuka to look up to their police as public servants, and not to fear them as the arrogant "officials" they once were.

With all the help they have given the Yokosuka



The hero-worshipping Japanese mounted the Mikasa, flagship of a fleet that gave Japan world power, in concrete as a shrine

PFC Arthur Jazwieckie tries his Japanese on the corner cop. Reorganization of the police force was a big occupation job



police, the functions of the MP's are basically those of all Marine MP's. Their primary duty is the maintenance of order among naval forces ashore in their area. This is a big order, especially when the fleet is in and the city of Yokosuka is host to from 5000 to 10,000 sailors and Marines.

Headquarters company, of course, is the administrative and maintenance section of the command.

FROM the top of the barracks building can be seen two ships, each representative of an era in Japanese history. The first, and the one that symbolizes Japan's rise to power, is the warship *Mikasa*. This was Admiral Togo's flagship during the Russo-Japanese war in which the Japanese defeated Russia. The ship is set in concrete on the beach about 1000 yards from the barracks. It was one of Japan's warrior shrines. Closer to the barracks and a little



There may be a few gripes about other things in Japan, but the squadrooms, with plenty of lockers, are not one of them



The photographer seemed more interested in the variances of time between Japan and the States than in a large library

offshore is another ship, a blasted and burned hulk that was sunk during the last days of World War II. It is a symbol of Japan's one and only defeat.

The countryside around Yokosuka is criss-crossed with large ridges, most of which overlook the sea or its approaches. Each of these ridges is virtually honeycombed with caves, most of them hewn from solid rock. The Japanese had planned the defense of their home islands well. Inside one of the caves was an entire roundhouse for railroad locomotives. Others housed complete hospital units, electrical plants, gunbays for artillery up to 240-mm. in caliber, and vast storage spaces for food and ammunition. Much of the food eaten by Marines during the early occupation was taken from some of these caves in the Tokyo Bay area.

Many of the openings were cleverly camouflaged by flimsy shacks built over them. From a military standpoint these systematically-planned defenses would have had murderous effects on any troops attempting to take them, and the Marines who were scheduled to make the invasion under fire took great interest, after their peaceful landing, in exploring the layout and speculating wryly on how another story of their occupation might have been written. Most of them will tell you that the Japanese assault in the Tokyo Bay area would have made Tarawa, Peleliu and Iwo Jima look like small patrol actions by comparison.

But two years after the first Marine landing at Kurihama, which is less than 500 yards from the spot Perry and another Marine detachment came ashore 92 years before, the Japanese were fighting their way back toward prosperity. The shambles from air attacks they had to put up with were nothing compared to the shambles a tremendous land war would have made.

The Marines are snowing the Japanese much in the way their predecessors did under Perry. Each

morning the former military personnel employed at the barracks will pause a few moments to watch the precise close-order drill. The Marines' dexterity at drilling is still a novelty to the little Nips. At parades on the Fourth of July and Armistice day the green-clad Americans stole the show from the rest of the occupation troops. One of the native onlookers is reported to have said: "From your Marines here it is easy to understand how our forefathers were impressed by your Admiral Perry when he first landed here almost 100 years ago. I think we are being re-impressed all over by your Marines."

Perry opened Japan to western industrial ideas. The Marines of 1947 hoped they were helping open Japan to western ideas of democracy that would stick as well as the industrial ones had.

END

The Japanese government provides many free services for the Marines, including a uniform-presing shop in the barracks



Yokosuka will provide the U.S. Navy with a Far Eastern base of operations after China is evacuated by all American troops

**The Marine Corps is looking for
new officers, but applicants must be
leaders who can meet rigid requirements**

THROUGHOUT its history the Marine Corps has carried out a never-ending search for educated, well-trained career men to fill the commissioned ranks. Today the need for this type of man is as great as ever before. But one important change has been made in the prerequisites for officer candidacy, which opens the door to commissions for many ambitious men who formerly were excluded. The policy of officer procurement today is built on the understanding that although knowledge is essential, the manner in which it is or has been acquired



is relatively unimportant. A formal college education is no longer a stumbling block for so many men aspiring to commissioned rank.

There are four different ways now to obtain a commission. The first, and most likely for enlisted Marines now in service, is through appointment to the Basic School at Quantico, Va. To obtain this appointment a man must first be recommended by his commanding officer, and then pass a stringent examination. The recommendation is not easy to get.

In picking officer material from his company, a CO demands in any would-be candidate a possession

THE ROADS

of leadership, initiative, loyalty, character, intelligence, and physical stamina. The man must either have a college education or equivalent knowledge in English grammar, U.S. and world history, general science and mathematics. This sounds like a formidable lineup, but it must not be forgotten that the MCI is standing by to furnish the necessary academic knowledge through sufficient student application. A final and most important prerequisite is a mark of 120 or better on the applicant's general classification test.

Once he is recommended by his CO, the candidate is ready to be examined at the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, and on passing that test, is appointed to a temporary second lieutenantcy and detached to the Basic School. All appointments are dependent on physical as well as scholastic eligibility. After completion of his training at Basic School, the officer must then serve two years as a regular. At the end of that time he may either continue his Marine career, or have his commission changed to a reserve status. In either case he may not resign the commission, regular or reserve, within six years of the original date of appointment.

The second route to a commission is via the College Platoon Leaders' course. This is open to civilian college students who enlist in the reserves and attend the classes at Quantico during their summer vacations. No military training is required during the academic year. It is concentrated into the summer periods. Upon completion of college, and acquisition of a bachelor's degree or better, the candidate is then eligible for appointment as a second lieutenant in the Reserve.

Only a limited number of these candidates may be commissioned in the regular Marine Corps, depending upon their qualifications, and upon vacancies existing at any particular time. Medical, dental, or theological courses of study are considered unsuitable for platoon leader candidates. The applicant must belong to no other military organization, and must be unmarried, agreeing to remain so until the completion of his training.

The Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps (NROTC) is the third way to a commission in either the Navy or Marine Corps. This is also a college-training program, and works much the same as the Naval Aviation College Program (NACP). In these two systems the candidate receives his training in essential naval subjects at civilian educational institutions. By supplementing the academic courses of study offered by the schools, the NROTC and NACP units endeavor to train men in the qualifications of a junior officer. He is expected to obtain a good general education; a general knowledge of Navy subjects; a well-regulated mind and body; a readiness to assume intelligent responsibility and initiative; a well-developed sense of naval ideals, customs, and traditions.

The NROTC program is authorized, under Public Law 729, to include no more than 15,400 students at one time. This breaks down to roughly 300 students for each of the 52 qualified colleges or universities. Each school possessing an NROTC unit (or NACP, which puts the accent on aviation) offers the program under its own department of naval science, much the same as a history course is handled by the history department. The professor of naval science at each institution is, in most cases, a senior naval line officer who is augmented by a staff of naval and Marine Corps officers.

Specific courses in Navy and Marine subjects are presented to the men in each of the eight terms of college work. Briefly they are presented here in the order in which they would be taken by a student in his four-year course:

1. Introduction to naval science.
2. Communication and Tactics.
3. Ordnance and fire control.
4. Fire control.

5. Navigation.

6. Advanced seamanship. (Here the student who has completed five college terms and who desires to transfer into the Marine Corps course of study, begins to branch out into Marine subjects, rather than naval. For the sixth term he studies military principles, and history of war.)

7. Naval Engineering. (The Marine candidates study Marine Corps mission, organization, and small unit tactics.)

8. Naval Engineering and Damage Control. (The Marine course calls for amphibious operations, the landing team and smaller units.)

The NACP program offers corresponding courses. NROTC has two types of student, regular and contract. Regular students are those who are appointed Midshipmen, USNR, and who obligate themselves to attend all the requisite summer cruises

Navy or Marine Corps Reserve, and who are designated Reserve Midshipmen for administrative purposes only. They do not receive the compensation or benefits paid to those in the regular category. They are entitled to the uniforms provided the regular people, and they receive payment of commuted rations during their final two years of NROTC training. During the vacation period, between their junior and senior years in college, they are required to make the summer cruise. Upon graduation and commissioning they may, if so



desired, and providing their services are required, apply for active duty and serve for two years, with a further option of applying for retention in regular service if selected.

A third type, the naval science student, may be found in some NROTC units. These are men who are ineligible for enrollment in the unit of a particular school solely because there is no room for them. They take the courses for the college credits they gain from each course. If vacancies occur in the regular or contract ranks, these men may be enrolled. They must, of course, meet the requirements

Marine student attends a camp period at the Basic School at Quantico. There he receives practical work on the subjects he has covered in the classroom. And he gets a good look at life in the postwar Marine Corps.

NROTC does not offer the history, tradition and technical background which is acquired at the Naval Academy, but it does provide serious competition for Annapolis through the vast amount of related opportunities in the curriculum of a civilian university.

Although the actual process of securing appointments for the Naval Academy has not visibly changed, there are now more opportunities for enlisted personnel in the Navy and Marine Corps. Commanding officers of ships and shore stations have been instructed to make an exhaustive survey of all men under their command in a hunt for officer material, on or before 15 July of each year. To establish eligibility, a man must have enlisted in the service before 1 July of the year in which he will take competitive examinations for entry into Annapolis. The age limits are from 17 to 21 years, but men who served honorably for one year during World War II are eligible up to the age of 23. Candidates must have completed at least three years of high school, with two years of mathematics. They cannot be married.

When all applicants have filled out Navy personnel questionnaire 275, relative to appointments to Annapolis, a selection board is convened aboard each ship or shore station to sort out the most likely officer material. This board interviews officers and petty officers (NCO's) under whom the man has served, and the candidate himself. From among the various groups of applicants are picked the men who are to take the first of a series of entrance exams for

TO A COMMISSION

for enrollment. At present they are not permitted to make any summer cruises, nor are they paid any benefits or compensations.

To qualify for NROTC training a candidate must be a citizen and be un-married, agreeing to remain so until he is either commissioned or released. He must have attained his 17th birthday on or before 1 September of the year of enrollment, and no older than 21 (NACP maximum age is 20). He must possess the moral and physical qualifications necessary for officer material, and his character is determined by appearance, scholarship, extra curricular activities, and his record in his home community. He must be at least a high school graduate, or possess equivalent education if selected competitively. If he is selected by the professor of naval science he must be enrolled in good standing at a college or university which includes an NROTC unit. The physical requirements are the same as those demanded for entrance into the Naval Academy, with the exception that the visual requirements of 20/20 uncorrected vision do not include cyclopedic refraction for NROTC students.

In the selection of NROTC student bodies, the regular students are subjected to a competitive procedure. This begins with the application for examination of men interested in NROTC. This examination is offered in the early winter of each calendar year. It is open to all civilian high-school graduates, AND to enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps. The latter's selection is under the control of the Chief of Naval Personnel, subject to the endorsement of the Commandant of the Marine Corps. Those men who pass the competitive exams must also meet the requirements of the college or university they desire to attend, and be accepted by that institution.

Of particular interest to Marines is the fact that one sixth of the total anticipated graduates of any class may be commissioned in the regular or reserve Marine Corps. This quota is filled by the previously-mentioned transfer of an NROTC student to the Marine course of study after completion of the fifth college semester. Instead of a summer cruise the

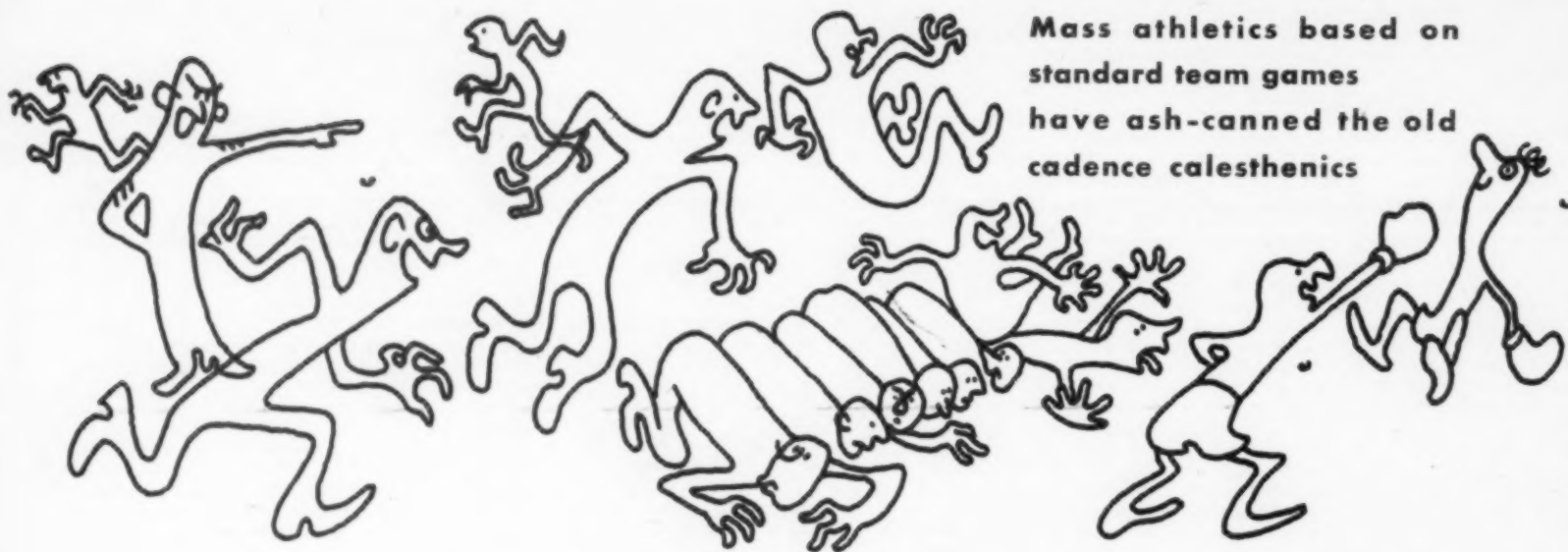
the Naval Academy under appointment by the Secretary of the Navy.

The first test is given while the men are still on general duty. On passing this they become eligible to attend the U. S. Naval School, Academy and College Preparatory, near Annapolis, Md. Six hundred service candidates for fleet or Congressional appointments are sent there each year to bone up for the entrance examination to the Academy. They study high school subjects such as algebra, plane and solid geometry, trigonometry, chemistry, physics, U. S. history and English. The course begins in October, and ends the first week of April with the examination for appointment to the Academy. Of 600 students, 120 are Marines, of rank varying from private to master sergeant. Of the total enrollment some 35 percent pass these tests and, upon qualifying physically, are admitted to Annapolis.



The road to the Naval Academy is a long, tough one, and the man who makes it should be qualified to lead men anywhere. Elevation to the commissioned ranks, whether through the Naval Academy, NROTC, the Platoon Leader's Course, or the Basic School at Quantico, is difficult to say the least. In order to make the grade a man must apply himself to the limit of his ability. But a man who has ability and is willing, is the kind of man the Navy and the Corps are looking for.

END



Mass athletics based on standard team games have ash-canned the old cadence calisthenics

NEW ACCENT ON SPORTS

ALITTLE over a year ago the Corps instituted an athletic policy which revolutionized, as it was meant to, sports within the Corps. The new program combined combat conditioning and a new sports set-up for recreational purposes. Both were to be compulsory on-duty, mass-participant programs. The physical conditioning was to develop and emphasize body-contact games and self survival as a basis for military training.

The original combat conditioning program was great stuff to a few guys; to those who were big enough to pick up a little or even medium-sized guy and "throw him up fer grabs," as they say over on one side of the railroad tracks. From boot camp on, the average Marine has been getting enough of that type of physical condition to last for a lifetime. The original program has been slightly reorganized. Combat conditioning is in a separate category, and mass athletics is a part of the daily plan of activities.

With physical conditioning ever in mind, the

emphasis is being placed on rough-and-tumble sports. The theme seems to be, "build up the competitive spirit with on-duty mass athletics; put some life and action into the muscle-building program." Mass sports are built around standard team games, but with the number of men necessarily involved, these games must be adaptable to handling full platoons. Things like cage ball, a variation of volley ball, can be played by up to 40 men on a team, using a single ball up to 36 inches in diameter. If you think that would be a grand chance for a little legalized mayhem, consider what might be done to someone you don't like in a mass soccer game, one which permits the deployment of 200 men on each side, with from four to eight balls in play.

Another mass sport cutie which some armed-chair physical culturist conjured up while sipping a rum Collins, is called "bombardment," a game that calls for having from 20 to 40 players lined up at opposite ends of a field and, on signal, running to the center

line, grabbing as many as possible of the 15 volley balls reposing there and putting out opposing players by smashing them with the balls.

We said, a paragraph or two back, that combat conditioning is now in a separate category. But get a load of the following gamey bit of exercise. It's called, "Weak Horse," and is meant for strong backs. No other equipment is necessary. Teams of seven men form the "horse," with one man the head. The opposing team of "riders" runs and jumps on the backs of the men forming the horse, the first man leaping as far forward as possible, the second following, and so on like a circus act. If the horse goes down, the riders ride again; but if the stout backs hold up, the horse becomes the riders. Now the only difference between that game and one phase of the physical conditioning program of old (the one where you leap into the air, raising your legs back so that you land flat on your face, belly and knees, with an irate instructor on top) is that if you hold up in the horse game, you get a chance to jump on the other guy. It's a little more democratic.

These and such other well-known pastimes as push-ball, tug-o-war and team wrestling are supposed to serve as stimulating substitutes for the old cadence calisthenics which, it is said, will be found only in recruit training from now on. We hardly think so. How easy to remember those weary, dreary mornings when "da Sarge" formed the outfit in the company street and pronounced those syllables that meant tedious, unwanted exertion; "Physical drill under arms, come to the ready; one, two, three. Up on shoulders, long sweep forward, one, two..." We all hated it. But it was a fine way to clear up a beery head and whet the appetite. It may be outlawed, but we'll lay six, two and even that before our twenty is up, we will have heard, "All right, fall out with your rifles," a dozen times more.

This compulsory, mass, on-duty program of exertion lays a foundation for the new, much more popular, off-duty sports program in standard athletics. You can dream up dozens of new and different games for the troops, but when, compulsion over, he wants some fun, the average Marine will turn to those good old American stand-bys, baseball, football and basketball. Enough men should be aroused from their physical lethargy by the physical fitness program to boost the interest for other competitive sports.

Standard games on the posts are encouraged with an enthusiasm similar to that shown by the nation's colleges and universities. They are conducted in league-play form down to the platoon level. Intramural contests are the means by which the finest of the crop is selected and shaped into battalion, regimental and post teams for the championship fights.

There is no doubt that this well-organized unofficial program will again produce great Marine

by Sgts. Spencer Gartz and
Edward J. Evans
Leatherneck Staff Writers

teams — aggregations that will be comparable to the famous football and baseball clubs of Quantico in the 1920's and of San Diego during the latter 1930's. This time there will be more names added to the list of big posts in the running — Pendleton, Lejeune and El Toro. This is good news for the troops who have been waiting a long time for such a restoration. There were big-time teams during the war, but they were built chiefly of names that had been and are again big-time in civilian sports.

Everyone who participates in any form of athletics is inclined to picture himself in the role of a famous star. He imagines, while standing at the plate, bat in hand, that he is Joe DiMaggio or Ted Williams. While tossing a football back and forth with a buddy, he is putting himself in the place of Sammy Baugh or Doc Blanchard. It's among these men, the multitudes, that the benefits will be most noted. There is nothing more discouraging to one participating in competitive sports than being forced to compete with players out of their own class. They should be allowed to compete with dubs, if they are dubs; fair-to-middlin' players if they are fair-to-middlin'. This can be accomplished in league play if it is set up properly. If not, the competitive spirit can be easily killed. Competition on their own level will encourage more play among Marines of varying abilities, which in turn, will lead to further development in a particular sport. The squad, platoon, company and battalion levels are the "farms" for the post teams. They require proper supervision, coaching, and above all, encouragement.

There are those who never improve their skill at a game, but if they are allowed to continue their play in a league commensurate with their skill, their spirits will rise and they will, in time, absorb the full meaning of teamwork, so important in modern-day combat. In addition, as his participation in athletics increases, the Marine's physical condition improves; as the body grows stronger, the competition becomes keener. He begins to concentrate more and more on how to win over his opponent. Without outwardly knowing it, his mind becomes clearer, the power to think and act quickly becomes greater.

The whole idea behind the program is to help prepare and develop the Marine for his job, which is, whether you like the word or not, war. Wars are fought and won with teamwork, in the squad, platoon, gun-crew and aircraft crew. Lightning-fast decisions must be made in warfare as well as around second base or on the five-yard line. The ability to make these decisions can be developed during peacetime while partaking in a well-planned and properly supervised sports program.

Although originated in early 1946, this athletic policy showed little results during that year, mainly because demobilization hampered efforts to get it underway. However, toward the end of the year when the Corps began to settle down, and the basketball season was in our midst, things began to look up. Teams were able to play for weeks on end without losing a player to the separation center. By the time the cherub with the 1947 emblazoned on his chest stepped up to the line for his free-throws, the sports program was in high gear.

The Navy and Marine Corps have cooperated in setting in motion a series of elimination play-off's within naval districts, with finalists being sent to all-Navy tournaments for every popular sport. Navy and Marine teams may compete against one another in their areas, as well as civilian teams governed by the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union. Each naval command and district, including Marine Corps activities, selects a contender for the elimination

finals. These eliminations are run off until only eight teams are left as tournament finalists.

A year-around program of tournaments has been arranged for nine major sports. A new host station will be selected each year, but the time of each meet will remain approximately the same — basketball the second week in March; boxing the first week in June; tennis the third week in July; golf the second week in August; swimming the third week in August; softball the first week in September; baseball the second week in September; football the last week in November, and wrestling the second week of the following February.

THE first tournament of the year, basketball, was held last March at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center in Illinois. The Navy's Hawaiian area team won it and took home the Secretary of the Navy trophy. The boxing was scheduled for San Diego and the tennis for Annapolis. The rest of the year: swimming at Jacksonville; baseball at Pensacola; and football at Quantico. The sites of the softball and wrestling finals had not been determined at this writing, and because of the recent Army-Navy meet, the golf championship will not be held this year.

The two football selections will be made on the basis of the season's records, the scores made, and the type of opposition encountered by Navy and Marine teams. A standard system has been worked out for the other eight sports.

The dates for the Great Lakes tourney were March 26 through 29. By March 28, semi-finals time, the Marine teams were in the majority, three to one. The one Navy representative left were the champions-to-be from Hawaii. The Hawaiian bluejackets were really an all-star aggregation made up from the best players in the Pacific. They gained the semi-finals by whipping the NAS aggregation from Moffet field, 46 to 33. In other first-round contests Quantico defeated NATB Pensacola, 64 to 54; Second Marine Division defeated NATTC Jacksonville, 57 to 56; and Marine Air, El Toro, defeated NAS Quonset Point, 59 to 41.

In the semi-finals, Quantico met the Hawaiians and lost, 59 to 46, and the Second Division defeated El Toro, 50 to 46. Hawaii then went on to win the championship, 57 to 45, over the Second Division. In the consolation, El Toro beat Quantico, 58 to 54.

The turn of events among the Marine contenders was the surprise of the tourney. Quantico, which had been the Marines' white hope, went down, while the darkhorse Second Division reached the finals. Hawaii's win over Moffet Field had not been enough of a match to give any real estimate of their trophy possibilities and it was not until the players from the 14th district beat Quantico in the semi-finals that the shape of things to come began to become apparent. But the Marines hoped for the best — hoped the hard-riding Second men would be able to continue their streak against the All-Stars at the pay-off.

From the beginning of the final contest it was obvious that the All-Stars were, indeed, all stars. In spite of the spark-plugging of Marine Center Doc Engel and the scoring of Marine Forward Ken Turek, the Navy team steadily piled up the baskets until their lead assured them of the championship.

There was not time, in preparing for the first basketball tournament, to completely work out the permanent method for selecting the entries. Hawaii's team was a conglomeration of experts from throughout the Pacific fleet and shore stations, and it represented an area that from now on will be two districts, producing teams Nos. 1 and 2, instead of just

No. 1, as was the case at Great Lakes. The permanent program will cover all the off-duty competitions excepting football.

Eight areas will produce tournament teams. Area No. 1 will consist of ship and shore units operating in the Pacific west of Guam; Area No. 2, ship and shore units in the 14th Naval District; No. 3, Atlantic fleet and shore stations, including Naval Districts 10 and 15; No. 4, Naval Districts 1, 3 and 4; No. 5, Naval Districts 5 and 6, the Potomac River Naval Command and the Severn River Naval Command; No. 6, Naval Districts 7, 8 and 9; No. 7, Naval Districts 12, 13 and 17; No. 8, Naval District 11 and fleet units based at San Diego.

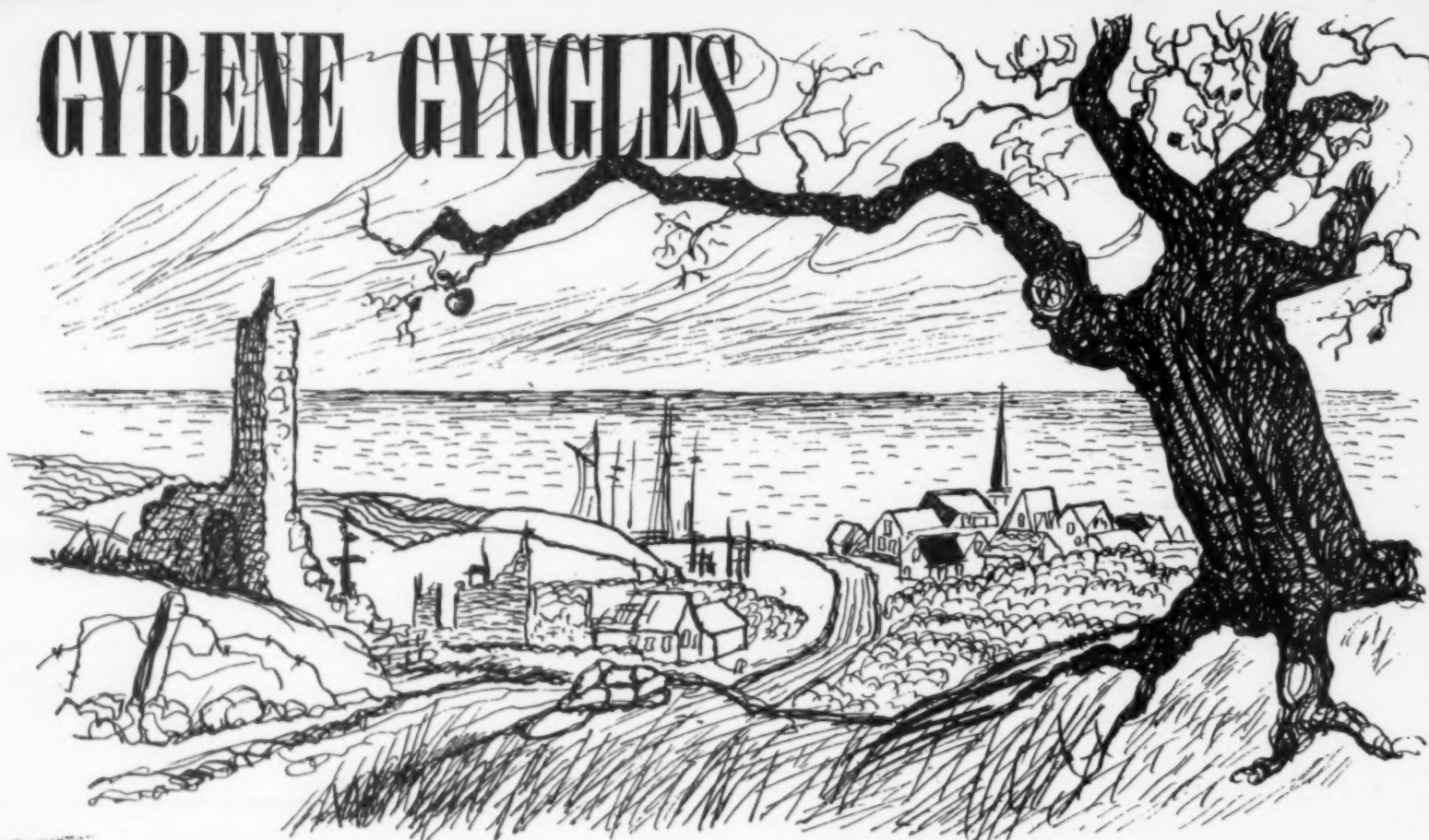
Tournament teams, of course, will be the champions of their areas, winners of area playoffs. Under the rules, not more than half of any team may be composed of officers, with the exception of boxing and wrestling. No officers are permitted to participate in these individual types of competition.

Every minute of play in the first tournament on the new program was good sport. It paved the way for broader Navy-Marine participation in the other off-duty athletics. One activity noticeably missing was the only traditional sea-going type of sport — whale boat racing. Many a ship's Marine detachment held trophies in this sport, which seems to have been finally outmoded in our highly mechanized fleet. The last contests were held in 1939. **END**

Illustrated by
Corp. George W. Booth
Leatherneck Staff Artist



GYRENE GYNGLES



REMEMBER

Have we forgotten yet the battles they fought — lived — died to see through,
Have we forgotten yet the muddy beaches, sandy shores they hit at H-Hour plus two.

Have we forgotten yet the bombs, shellfire and K-rations they endured
With dreams of creating a world safe from tyranny, their services they rendered.

One year has completed wending its eventful but hesitant and uncertain way
Since the night Peace descended on a world which hoped it had come to stay.

Forgotten—not so soon—the years a world was cruelly tortured;
The children starved by men who ate food reaped from War's ripe orchard.

The man wearing overalls who is standing in the shade;
His son went down on ship — burning wreckage heard his last prayer made.

The lady — look closer — the one with the saddened blue eyes.
Her son buried on an isle — a cross marks where he lies.

More than a year has passed since Peace once more to a scorched earth was led
But they'll never forget — they'll remember the living — the wounded — those who are dead.
— Betty Bellick

U. S. MARINES ON WAKE

Lexington, the Alamo, Custer's heroic stand
Are written deep in history; and now another band
Of America's great fighting men a later page will take;
They gave their all for liberty, those gallant boys on Wake.

Thinking their long thoughts, dreaming their dreams,

Far out on that barren spot
Were our boys in green, the U. S. Marines,
On a land that God forgot.

Out of the east came no warning note
As the yellow scum rode in,
Making hell of that lonely isle,
Where quiet and peace had been.

"Always Faithful" with courage high,
They met those godless men,
Gave blow for blow and blood for blood
For fourteen days, and then —
Equipment gone and battle-scarred
And untold hordes about,
To the homeland came this last report:
"The issue is in doubt."

Where brave men meet and tales are told,
A silent toast they'll make
To that fearless band in a lonely land,
The U. S. Marines on Wake.
— George W. Boley



THE MEANING OF A SONG

Last night I sat with native folk
Whose eyes have never seen
The hills of home, so far away,
The lovely fields of green;
Whose feet will never tread the earth
That you and I have known,
Where sons of ours will walk with pride
And seeds of love are sown.
I heard them sing from out their hearts
Of Freedom's distant shore —
"America The Beautiful"
In simple, solemn score.

How strange that we should travel far
To learn the meaning of
The prayerful songs that once were writ
To bless the land we love.
— MAJOR JOHN E. ESTABROOK
Cherry Point, N. C.

TROOP TRAIN

Determined faces. Here and there a grin.
Three sitting where there's room for only two.
Packs thrown on racks — companions to M-1s.
Cards, cigarettes, detective magazines.
Close-elbowed scribbling on some snatched-up "view" —
The Troop Train races through the countryside,
An anxious carrier of men on edge
To meet the foe; to try their warfare's ways.
And eager, too, to "get it over with";
And then to ride this Carrier again —
Calmly, to a peaceful destination.
— MTSgt. ROLAND EDWARDS
Philadelphia, Pa.

PACIFIC CONVOY

Night . . .
Full moon . . .
Silhouettes . . .
Black, uncompromising hulks
Punctuating the ebony sky-line —
Indomitable, creeping shadows
Relentlessly devouring the quiet waves,
Knot by knot,
Black bellies full of hate and might.
Ships . . .
Hundreds of them . . .
Endless ocean caravans,
Distant, formidable patterns:
Brawny, laughing, young,
Fighting ships . . .
Monsters with steel entrails,
And a human heart.
Prodigious sea-craft,
Envoys of solicited destruction,
Armor of a thund'rous voice that cries,
"Revenge! Revenge!"
Steel . . .
Mountains of it!
And vibrant, sensate, educated,
Surging flesh and blood . . .
Bellies full of it!
And the Sea is laughing, laughing,
As its foaming, dripping fingers
Thrash upon the heaving bosoms
Like a friendly, knowing gesture of respect;
For when the stated hour
Draws its mighty breath
This Steel . . . these Men

Will eloquently speak
In Death!
Silhouettes . . .
Full moon . . .
Night . . .

— PFC CLYDE E. WEEKS, JR.
Great Lakes Naval Hospital

OBSTACLE COURSE

Of Nature built — of trees and rocks and streams —
That tries the Tarzan in a Boot's loose limbs:
Rope-swings, trunk-hurdles,
tunnel-crawls, log-walks;
Deep-wading that refreshes and retards;
Where muscles are conditioned, reflex toned,
All nervousness "about the future," honed
On confidence born of ability.

Here, on this jungle-replica, Joe gains
The cat-like rhythms that he must possess
When Nature, on her own, presents a maze
To challenge, conquer, all who lack such skill.
The lore that is the Raider's stock-in-trade —
Insuring courage, ingenuity,
A fifty-fifty chance to come out whole.

— MTSgt. ROLAND EDWARDS
Philadelphia, Pa.

HOME

Yes, that's the only place for me,
Never again will I roam.
It took a war to make me see
What it means to have a home.

— PFC DAVID MICHAELSON
Pacific

BREAKDOWN BY THE NUMBERS

The GI schools
I've been made to slave in —
Have drilled my mind
To a scheduled cave-in.
— PFC LEE R. HAYMAN
East Cleveland, Ohio



John Murphy, former master technical sergeant in the Corps, takes the civil service written examination for patrolman of New York

Murphy draws his gear which includes a .38 caliber revolver, a cartridge belt and holster, a billet, a baton and khaki uniforms



Photos by Louis Lowery
Leatherneck Photographic Director

New York City's

police boot camp reconverts former GI's
into future patrolmen

Completely equipped, Murphy reports to the Police Academy

SIDEWALK PATROL

by Karl Schuon

"AWN AWP AREEP, thrip faw ya lof . . . Righflaaang — Hooash . . ." The dusty old rafters of the 12th Regiment Armory at Columbus Avenue and 62nd Street rang with the cries of an ex-Parris Island drill instructor while 144 recruits marched and drilled on the huge gymnasium floor. But they were not Marine recruits. They were rookies training for jobs on the police force of New York City.

"Laf flaang — Hooash . . . awn awp areep . . ."

Lieutenant Julius Brilla, in charge of physical instruction, muttered grumpily, "I keep telling him, 'left face is left face and forward march is forward march!'"

"Foah Hooash!" echoed the voice from the platform.

"Listen to him," complained the lieutenant again. "He sounds like a tobacco auctioneer. The only men who can understand him are the former Marines in the class."

But, in spite of the ex-DI's jargon, all of them seemed to be doing all right. One gross of embryonic cops, former Army, Navy, Air Force



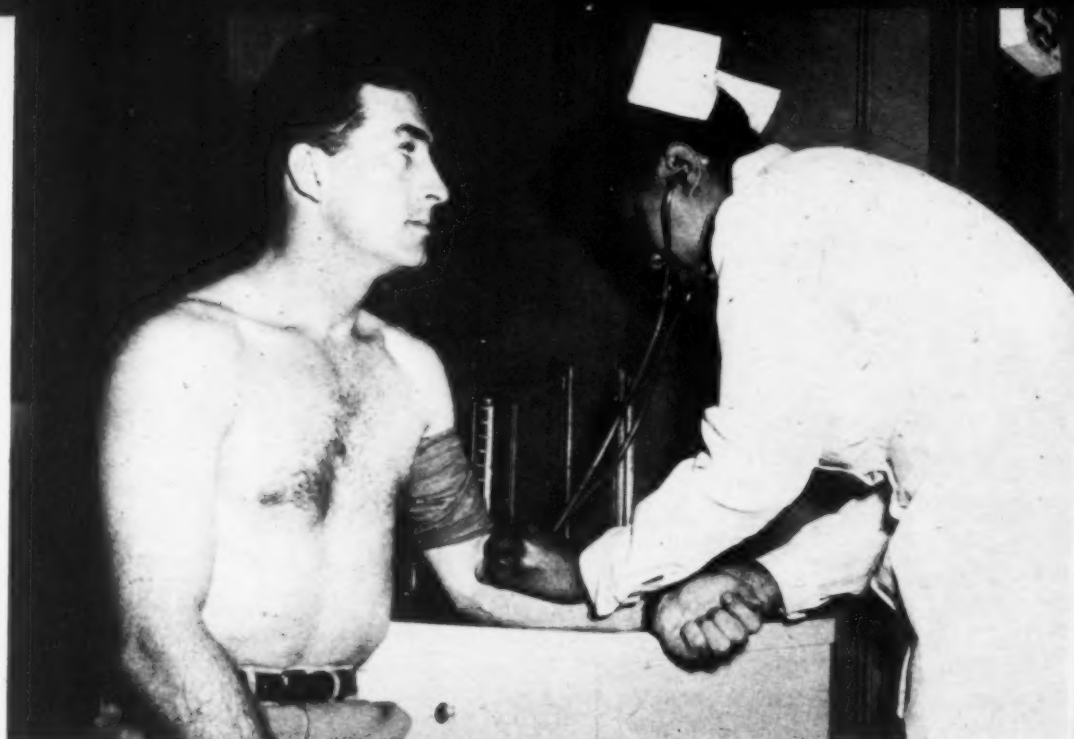
SIDEWALK PATROL (cont.)

Miss Josephine Harris, police nurse, takes the rookie's blood pressure during the physical exam

and Marine GI's moved smartly up and down the floor with typical Marine precision, while the ex-PI DI barked, bellowed and berated the future patrolmen.

These 144 men were part of a class of 600 who were enrolled in the accelerated 10-week course set up to fill some of the 4000 vacancies which had occurred during the war years. When this has been accomplished an increase in the roster is being contemplated. New York has the world's second largest city police force with a total of 19,000 members, but this change would bring the strength up to 25,000. London, which holds the record, has 23,000 bobbies.

The group of 600 was the second class to go through since the war's end. The class which



Lieutenant Charles Tiersch fingerprints the recruit. The prints are taken and checked at several intervals of the training



First aid classes are conducted by the American Red Cross. Instructor Ernest F. Hoyer demonstrates the proper treatment for a head injury

preceded them numbered 2054. About 21,000 ex-GI's had taken the entrance exams for the third class. This large number of applicants indicates the tremendous appeal these jobs have for young men, discharged from the armed services, who are seeking employment which, in addition to security, promises a variety of experiences and an escape from a monotonous, routine job. Things are never really dull for a New York cop and this may be part of the reason for the abundant good humor for which they are world-famous.

Since these positions fall under the jurisdiction of the Municipal Civil Service Commission of New York City, there are a number of civil service requirements to be met before the examination is taken. No one under 20 years of age, or over 29, is eligible to start in a patrolman's job, but in the case of older men, years spent in the armed services may

be deducted from actual ages in computing eligibility. Applicants must be citizens of the United States and must have resided in the state of New York for at least three years prior to the date of application. Years spent out of the state in the service do not count. Good character is an absolute prerequisite. Anyone who has ever been convicted of a felony is ineligible. The applicant must be 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weigh 145 pounds and possess an auto driver's license.

Armed with proofs that he can meet all of these requirements, the would-be patrolman files an application and takes the written examination. His ability to think quickly and to comprehend rules, orders and statements, and a general appraisal of his intelligence can be calculated from his answers to the 80 multiple-choice questions found in the test.

One of those in the second class who successfully

took this exam was John Murphy, a former master tech sergeant in the Marine Corps. Police boot camp held few surprises for Murphy who had been through Dago in 1942. A great deal of the course came pretty close to what he had experienced at the Marine base.

The physical test, which follows the written one, is a combination of track meet and combat course, dreamed up by Civil Service. Although similar to the usual boot camp routines it is not quite as rugged. Murphy glided through this with ease.

The police medical examination, with its blood tests, chest X-rays and other routine probings, was easy too. Murphy met the height and weight requirements and had 20-20 vision. He received his appointment from the commissioner and reported to the Police Academy. There the 600 men were divided into classes according to their height. The individual classes were assigned to various police lieutenants,

Lectures on traffic control, first aid and penal laws are a part of the recruit course



Lieutenant Tiersch, whose duties parallel those of a Parris Island drill instructor, gives his class a lecture on New York's penal laws. Patrolmen must have a thorough knowledge of the law of arrest

whose duties parallel those of boot camp DI's. The next stop was Police Headquarters, where everyone drew his gear.

Members of the department are required to purchase all of their uniforms and equipment. The only item furnished by the city is the shield or badge, which is loaned to the patrolman for the duration of his service. The recruit's salary starts immediately and an extended credit plan has been set up whereby a small sum is deducted from his pay each week until the account is cleared.

The necessary gear includes a .38 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver, cartridges, a cartridge belt and holster, a billet, a baton, a pen and pencil holder, nippers and a holder, a memo book and a whistle. Included in the clothing issue are khaki trousers and shirts, several black four-in-hand ties, a raincoat, waterproof leggings and two pairs of gloves, white and buckskin. At the time of enrollment the rookies are measured for their regular blue uniforms, but these are not worn until graduation.

Clad in khaki and completely equipped, Murphy began his training in the Police Academy. This roomy old school building, downtown at 7 Hubert Street, affords classrooms and lecture halls for most of the mental instruction. This is the first of the five divisions of the recruit course. The other four are physical instruction, fire arm instruction, conservation and maintenance of police department motor vehicles, and first aid instruction.

Mental instruction has many aims other than developing and testing the rookies' mental capacity. There are various lectures dealing with the standards, ideals, ambitions, usages and customs of the police department, which acquaint trainees with the traditions of the organization they are to serve.

Most important, probably, a clear understanding

of the penal law and the administrative code is given. The patrolman must have a thorough knowledge of the law of arrest. Many lectures are devoted to these subjects and to an exposition of court procedure and the law of evidence. One of the patrolman's duties at the scene of a crime is to safeguard all evidence.

A course of instruction, with actual exhibits, provides the men with the rudiments of practical and scientific investigation so that the cop on the beat can make a preliminary estimate of the value of evidence in relation to what scientific criminology may be able to do with it.

A series of blackboard talks, resembling lectures by a football coach, give the recruit a basic conception of police work in the fields of traffic control and highway safety. While on patrol with a regular cop, the rookie has a chance to put into practice the things he learns from this diagrammatic instruction.

One of the most interesting events of the course is the visit made to Police Headquarters at Lafayette and Broome Streets where a crime museum is maintained. Actual evidence, collected from famous homicide cases, robberies, counterfeiting, narcotic smuggling and arson has been preserved and is on display.

As in the Corps, recruits fire for qualification. All targets are placed at a distance of 20 yards

Murphy, like practically everyone else in his class, wants to become a detective. Raids on gambling joints, wild parties, and dope dens, and homicide investigations sound like exciting duty. Detectives have no regular hours, no beats to pound and no uniforms to wear. But under the present set-up men are not assigned to detective work until they have had a great deal of experience as patrolmen.

The day Murphy made the tour, chemist Samuel Tabor was busy in the Technical Research Laboratory, making tests of cigarets which had been taken from a suspect the night before. They contained a greenish sort of powder and were being sold for marijuana, but the chemical tests proved the addicts had been getting nothing but catnip.

In the Ballistics Bureau, in the same building, Police Sergeant Harry Butts explained the functioning of the comparative microscope, and the men were shown the method of determining whether or not a bullet has been fired from a particular gun. In homicide cases the slug is preserved for evidence and when a revolver is found, which can be tied up with the crime, a bullet is fired from it. The two bullets are compared under the microscope and if they coincide, conclusive evidence has been established.

They took in a police lineup in a nearby building, and visited a dome-like tower on top of the structure where they were shown how police radio cars are controlled. The large room contains, in addition to radio receivers and transmitters, an enormous table, covered with a complete map of the boroughs Manhattan, Bronx, Queens, Brooklyn and Richmond, all five of which are under the jurisdiction of the New York police. The radio cars patrolling the streets of the boroughs are represented on the maps by small, movable, numbered buttons. A steady radio check of the location of the actual cars enables the policeman in charge of the maps to keep the buttons in correct position.

The brief lectures which accompany these visits are sketchy but they are sufficient to give the recruit an understanding of Headquarters operations.

The physical training, in the huge gymnasium of a red-stone, castellated structure near Columbus Circle, gives the rookies a thorough conditioning



SIDEWALK PATROL (cont.)



The location of radio patrol cars is indicated on a large map in the radio control tower. Captain Michael McDonough explains how it works



A class of 144 rookies goes through the traffic signal exercises in the huge gymnasium of the 12th Regiment Armory near Columbus Circle



Detective Charles O'Hara shows the recruits the technical process for identifying blood, narcotics or alcohol from the stains left on clothing



The physical instruction classes are in capable hands. Fred Weber, Eddie Griffis and Joseph Fater, all former Marines, train the rookies

in posture, marching, baton instruction, boxing, Ju Jitsu and wrestling. Murphy was in Brilla's class. Among Brilla's assistants are three former Marines: Joseph Fater, a former captain with the 3rd Battalion, Eighth Marines; Eddie Griffis, a former sergeant and boxing instructor at Parris Island and Fred Weber, a former drill instructor at P. I. Griffis teaches boxing and wrestling, while Weber and Fater are in charge of marching, drilling and calisthenics.

Emphasis is placed on close hand-to-hand fighting in which the uses of the baton, or night stick, methods

of disarming, and judo are important factors. Attired in Marine and Navy dungarees and Army fatigues the ex-GI's meet in the old Armory several afternoons each week for a full three-hour workout.

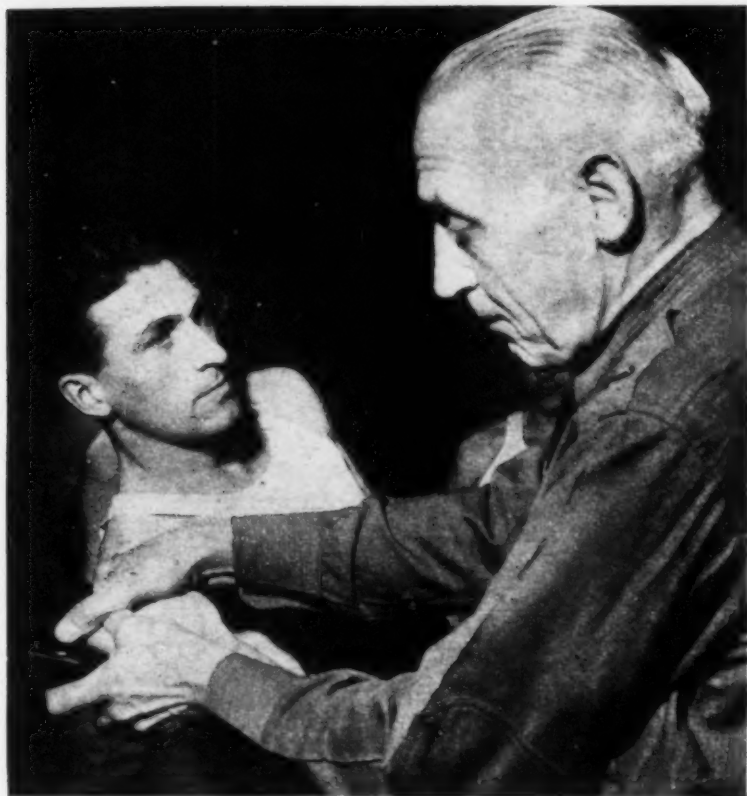
"They're in good condition when I finish with them," said Brilla. "The trouble is that I never see them again. They get soft walking a beat. . ."

Brilla thinks there should be physical refresher courses at intervals, even after the men become regular patrolmen.

Murphy's class was assigned to the 14th Regiment

Armory in Brooklyn for revolver and rifle training. Here they learned the care, safe handling and proper use of the service revolver and the rifles with which all radio motor patrol cars are equipped.

In addition to preparatory instruction in nomenclature, ammunition, trajectory and velocity, the recruits are taught the many uses of the revolver in emergencies likely to arise while on duty. This training includes the pursuit of armed criminals, the destruction of animals, and signaling for assistance.



Police Lieutenant Julius Brilla, supervisor of the physical training division, instructs Murphy in the rugged art of revolver disarming



Former Marines, John Murphy, Frank Nally, Charles Ott, Daniel Boiko, Howard Taylor and Jim Gardner, stand inspection for Lieutenant Tiersch



A few seconds may mean the difference between life and death when it's a matter of exchanging shots with a desperate law-breaker. Drawing their

revolvers are Recruits Ott, Boiko, Taylor, Murphy and Gardner. This was NOT a faked photo. Our boy Murphy was just naturally quick on the draw

SIDEWALK PATROL (cont.)



Lieutenant William Oetting of the 5th Precinct indicates a missing person item on the teletype



Patrolman George Ventiera gives Murphy the scoop on calling in to the 5th Precinct Station House



The answer to a cop's dream! And Murphy writes the parking ticket like a veteran beat-pounder

The actual range firing revived memories for the former GI's. Target practice with revolvers falls under three classifications: slow fire, two strings of five shots, no time limit; time fire, two strings of five shots, 20 seconds for each string; rapid fire, two strings of five shots, ten seconds for each string. The targets are placed at a distance of 20 yards. There is a record day when the rookie cops fire revolver for qualification and high scores. A recruit qualifies with 50 points out of a possible 100 on slow fire. As in the Corps, there are three honor classifications. A score of 75 to 84 out of a possible 100 rates the rookie a marksman's score; 85 to 94 a sharpshooter, and 95 to 100 an expert. All of the scores are on slow fire.

There is a brief course on the conservation and maintenance of police motor vehicles, and a number of sessions are devoted to lectures and practical demonstration on first aid by representatives from the Red Cross. The downtown crowds of Manhattan and the heavy traffic throughout the city bring the accident rate to a high level. This training enables him to render efficient service to injured persons pending arrival of medical assistance.

When the rookies have had sufficient fundamental instruction in all phases of police procedure they are assigned to one of the Department's 84 precincts for field duty. Murphy drew the 5th Precinct which covers the old Bowery and Chinatown. The force boasts only four Chinese cops. This is a small number compared to the 2500 colored patrolmen who pound the Harlem beats. Practically every nationality is represented on the roster of the Department, and

because of the variety of foreign districts, all of them are useful.

Murphy reported in at the station house on Elizabeth Street and was given an introduction to patrol duty by Lieutenant William Oetting, the precinct commander, and sent out on a Chinatown beat with Patrolman George Ventiera.

At the famous corner of Mott and Pell Streets, Murphy began directing the traffic which weaves along the narrow thoroughfares. Ventiera explained the detail of calling in to the station house and instructed him in the use of the call box on his beat. Recruits on these observation beats on eight-hour duty twice a week until they have passed the course.

Throughout the entire period of training heavy emphasis is placed on the importance of pleasant, friendly relations with the public. Hundreds of bewildered strangers pour into New York every day and the cop on the corner aside from all of his other duties, must remain a cheerful source of information. He is the city's closest contact with its heterogeneous resident and visiting public.

After the ten weeks of varied courses have been completed the rookies are given another police medical examination and graduated from the academy. But, before becoming regular patrolmen, they are required to serve a six-month probationary period of duty during which close checks are kept on their conduct and loyalty. At the end of the report of the investigator is a factor. At the end of this period the recruit is appointed a regular patrolman and becomes a regular member of the force.

While on patrol duty under the guidance of a regular cop, a rookie learns his future beat



Recruit Henry McGuire (left), Patrolman Ventiera and Murphy pound the sidewalks of Old Chinatown



"I was minding my own business, and adjusts a complaint about a snow

by Duane Decker

eightball behind the eightball

Jake should have known
he was in for a bad
time when he
awoke to find a strange
woman in his cottage

IT ALL begins when I wake up and can't remember for a minute where I am. Outside the window a bluejay is screaming. Sunshine falls across the room in cheery little strips. Somewhere near I hear the soft, sucking sound of small waves lapping against a boat. The place practically reeks of Nature.

I sit up. I look at the little bureau beside the bed and I see some loose change, crumpled bills, match packets — and a pale, pink envelope. That does it. Suddenly I remember all.

That letter is from Peggy; this is my camp at the lake; I have arrived here late last night, dead tired, and have flopped right into bed. That is why things are on the blank side, waking up.

I look at my watch. It is almost noon. That means Peggy and her mother can show up any time at all now. So I get out of bed, fast.

I remember — and feel very glad about it — that I have had the foresight to write ahead to Mrs. Mullaney, the cleaning woman, to open the camp for me. I am just supposing that I'd better make a last-minute check of the place before Peggy and her mother arrive, when I hear a bed creak in the rear guest room.

It gives me the sudden feeling of a small electric battery flashing code messages on and off in my back somewhere. I duck into the hall, still clad in just my pajama pants. I tip-toe to the guest room door. I open it.

I get a quick glimpse of chestnut-colored hair spread out on a pillow, and a slim, outflung arm. Then, this figure in the bed rolls over and opens one eye.

It is a wide, brown eye. It has very long lashes. It looks up at me a minute and blinks. Then the second eye opens.

"Well, hello there" says this girl, very cheerfully. She looks twenty, and fresh as a biscuit from grandmother's oven. "You must be the man from the farm with the eggs?"

"Do I look to you like a man in the midst of covering an egg route?" I demanded.

"I'm really no experienced judge of rural tradesmen," she replies.

I am thinking of Peggy and her mother and how the sands of time are swiftly running out on me. I say: "Look, I'm Jake Sherman and I own this camp. I'd like to know what you're doing, sleeping here."

"Strange" she says, "I was about to put that very same question to you." She sits up and locks her arms around her knees, acting very much at home. She is wearing bare-midriff pajamas. She adds: "Because this camp was loaned to me by the real owner. He even has a



EIGHTBALL (cont.)

key to the place to prove it, too. What about that?"

She says all this in a very bold, convincing manner. But after all, it is my camp and has been for six or seven years now. I say: "Well, I've got three keys, so all we prove is that one of us must be a locksmith. Who is this friend of yours?"

"His name is Gerald Moody."

"The name means nothing to me," I say. "I gather from the tender way you speak it that you are quite fond of Mr. Gerald Moody?"

"Quite," she replies. "He bought the camp last year, by the way, at a public auction here. Where did you buy it?"

"Auction!" I say. I guess I gasp it.

She nods. "One of those very sad cases where the former owner had failed to pay the taxes for years, so the town put it on the block to get their money."

I guess the look on my face tells the story. Because her lips immediately form the shape of a plum and she cries: "Oh! I get it! You *did* own it — and you didn't even know the town had sold it."

I scowl. She had the pitch, all right. "I have been traveling, selling things," I explain. "Before that I was also traveling, carrying things, for the Marines. I have been out of touch with the situation here for years." Now I remember the registered letter from this tax guy, long ago — even before the Corps. It had slipped my mind for a few years.

"Well," she says, "that solves it. I'm sorry, of course, that you lost your camp. But one of us must leave and you'll admit, I *do* have legal possession."

"But I can't leave," I tell her.

"You'll just have to," she says. "After all, my reputation can stand only so much."

"But I've got friends due, any minute, in fact," I explain. And then, because I am feeling very desperate, I throw myself on her mercy. I tell all. About Peggy's letter — how she and her mother have been visiting friends near here and how I have arranged for them to drive here this morning to meet me.

"And Peggy's mother," I point out, "has never thought very highly of me. She has always claimed I'm the scatterbrained type that it is all right for her daughter to bat around with, but not settle down and have children by. Ever since I started going with Peggy I've been the man behind the eightball. But when they find out how I lost this camp and didn't know it and you being here all night alone with me — then I will definitely be the man *behind* the man behind the eightball."

"I'd like to help you," the girl says, "but really, I can't. You see, Gerald is due here by evening, with many friends."

"Then just give me until evening," I say. "Just disappear until then."

"Where could I disappear all day?"

"Go anywhere," I say. "Go fishing."

"I hate fishing."

"Then how about a nice, long hike in the woods? Or maybe you like to pick berries? I can recommend a very fine blueberry patch —"

I stop right there. I have heard a car approaching. I rush to the window. She jumps out of bed and rushes to the window beside me. A car pulls into the driveway. I see Peggy at the wheel, her mother beside her.

"Now you're trapped," I say.

"I'm trapped! Well *really* —"

"Look, uh, — what is your name?"

"Patricia."

"Patricia, will you be Mrs. Mullaney? I mean, just for a little while. Mrs. Mullaney is my cleaning woman, the one that disappeared."

"That's perfectly ridiculous," she replies. "I don't look in the least like a cleaning woman. I *hope*."

"But you could if you tried," I say, desperately. I hear car doors banging shut. I open the bedroom door and point toward another door. "That leads into the attic, Patricia. Up there you'll find dustmops and buckets and other excellent cleaning-woman equipment. Arm yourself with some of it and put on some old-looking rag and take off that lipstick and stuff —"

I hear rapping at the door below. I look at her. "Will you be a good guy, Patricia? If you don't, I'm sunk."

"Beat it," she says, "you man behind the man behind the eightball, you."

I gave her a warm, grateful look. She's okay. I beat it. Downstairs, the front door opens before I can get there. Peggy's mother emerges.

Mother is a large, solid, aggressive woman with her large nose permanently tilted up, as though bad

odors constantly assail her. She quickly stares at my pajama pants and my bareness above them with a very pained expression — the old familiar one I have come to believe she reserves especially for me. Then Peggy walks in and I feast my eyes on her a minute. She is pretty wonderful.

"Peggy, darling!" I say. I try to embrace her.

"Be careful!" Mrs. Brainard growls. "You'll get Peggy all mussed up."

"Why not?" I ask, "this isn't the Biltmore is it?"

"Hardly," says Mrs. Brainard, looking coldly around.

"Please Jake," Peggy says, "I just had my hair done."

"Well how are you, Peg?" I ask her.

"I'm fine," Peggy says. "How are you, Jake?"

"I'm fine, too," I tell her.

We carry on a brilliant conversation like that for a few minutes and then Mrs. Brainard cocks her ear like a squirrel in the middle of the nut-dropping season. There is a shuffle of feet audible on the stairway.

"Who's that?" Mrs. Brainard demands, suspiciously.

"That's just good old Mrs. Mullaney," I say.

"One of your native girls?" Peggy asks.

"My cleaning woman," I explain. "Faithful old Mrs. Mullaney. She opened the camp for me. A hard-working old soul."

Patricia then enters the room. She has a make shift dustcap on her head, a dry mop in one hand and an empty bucket in the other. Smudges of dirt streak her face. She has no rouge or lipstick on. Her dress is faded and hangs on her like a bag. She has made herself look fairly old and sloppy and homely. She looks fine.

She says, in a listless, sing-songy voice that I thought very authentic: "Guess I got the upstairs fetched clean, Mr. Sherman."

"Very good, Mrs. Mullaney," I say. I introduce everyone. Then I add: "Mrs. Mullaney's going to cook dinner for us — real old country farm style. So you folks can just take a little walk, look the place over. Or go pick some fresh blueberries, or go —"

"We'll just look around here," Peggy says.

"Or you could go take a nice swim and sunbath," I suggest, hopefully.

"Heavens, Jake," Peggy says, "we just arrive and it really sounds as though you're trying to get rid of us or —"

Just then there is a sharp rap at the side door. "Excuse me," I say and I go into the next room and open the door. An old guy in overalls, smoking a corn-cob pipe, is standing there. He says: "Here's your eggs."

"What eggs?" I say and then I realize Patricia must have ordered them. "Oh yes, the eggs," I tell him. "Of course." I push the egg man back and I step outside with him and shut the door behind us and I lower my voice. "Listen," I say, "are you from that farm next door to the Mullaney's place?"

He nods.

"Well, will you deliver a message for me, to Mrs. Mullaney? It's important."

"Can't," he says. "She skipped out. Took a thousand dollars her husband hid in a trunk."

"Not Mrs. Mullaney!"

He nods again. "Mr. Mullaney, he swore out a warrant for her arrest. He already went to Springfield where he thinks she's hiding — at her sister's there."

The door opens behind me. Peggy puts her head out and says: "Mrs. Mullaney is going to show us up to our room, Jake. Will you —"

Egg man stares at Peggy. He says, "Is Mrs. Mullaney hidin' out in there?"

"She's here," Peggy says, "but what do you mean 'hiding out'?"

I turn quickly to Egg Man. He's already hot-footing it up the path. I shout after him: "It's a *different* Mrs. Mullaney, Egg Man. Not the one



you mean. It's even *spelled* differently."

Egg Man shouts back: "Only *one* Mullaney in these parts. And only *one* way to spell it."

"Now what's his trouble?" Peggy asks.

"He can't spell," I explain. I frown. I'm worried. "He is extremely sensitive about it. Has an inferiority complex about it. Practically pathological. Where's Mrs. Mullaney?"

"Upstairs," Peggy says, "showing mother which room to use to change her clothes. I'm going up too."

I try to kiss her again. She backs away deftly. "Really Jake," she says, "it's too hot a day for that sort of thing."

"Well all right then," I say. Peggy goes upstairs. I go into the kitchen and place the eggs in the icebox. Then Patricia walks in.

"You big, sad slob," she greets me, "This business of me cooking an old country farm style dinner is strictly bum dope. Why, I'd be hard put to boil an old country farm style egg."

"I tried to get them away for a while but it didn't work," I explain. "But don't worry — I can cook. I'll tell you what you have to do. Now then, will you go up to the store on the hill and buy a chicken? Here's money. I'll tell you what to do with it when you get back."

"I must be soft in the head," she says, accepting the money, "going through with this nonsense. Furthermore, it's beyond me to see Peggy's fatal attraction. What is it, anyway?"

"She wears wide-brimmed hats well, for one thing," I answer as I head for the stairway.

I dress in a hurry. Peggy and Mrs. Brainard are still in their room changing ensembles, which is a break for me. I beat it down to the kitchen and rummage around for things to stuff the chicken with. I find bread and this and that and more bread and I dump it all in a big, blue mixing bowl.

Before I finish, Patricia arrives with the chicken. I hand her the spoon and point at the bowl and say: "Now take this and stir." I hear Peggy and Mrs. Brainard on the stairs. "Keep stirring," I warn Patricia. "If they wander in here, stir especially hard. The secret of looking like a good cook is to always be seen stirring things vigorously."

She looks at me a little resentfully but she stirs. I hurry to the big screened-in porch out front. I flop into a chair just in time to rise from it as Peggy and Mrs. Brainard appear.

**The pretty girl donned the
camouflage of a cleaning
woman to help Jake
wriggle out of a jam**



So they go. Then Patricia says, "Well now you've lost Peggy. How about that?"

Peggy is wearing daffodillish shorts. If I had legs like Peggy's, I guess I would just sit around in front of full length mirrors all day. She starts to put on fresh lipstick. I am wishing Mrs. Brainard would go away somewhere, far. I go sit down beside Peggy.

"I think you're wonderful," I tell her. She pats my hand. It is the most tender moment we have had so far in this whole reunion. Mrs. Brainard coughs loudly and says: "I don't smell things cooking yet."

"You will," I tell her. "When the fine hand of Mrs. Mullaney sets to work in a kitchen —"

A loud crash from the kitchen interrupts me. I think I recognize the fine hand. I jump up. "Excuse me," I say, hastily.

"That's all you've done since we got here," Mrs. Brainard says. "You just keep excusing yourself and disappear."

In the kitchen I find Patricia sitting on the floor with a dazed and angry expression on her face. Beside her is the big, blue mixing bowl — in many jagged pieces. The fine chicken dressing is all over the floor. She glares at me.

"I was simply stirring with very cook-like motions," she says, testily.

"There's no more bread left," I say. "You'll have to scoop that dressing from the floor. However, it's a pretty clean floor." Then I give her quick directions for stuffing the chicken. She claims to know how to peel a potato and open a can of peas. She claims it like she's claiming to be a genius.

Well, some little time later, we finally sit down to eat the dinner. Everything looks pretty good, I think. I carve and I serve and things are going off fine — until suddenly Mrs. Brainard lets out a gasp. She draws an object from her mouth. It is a chip of the blue mixing bowl. Just then I hear a knock at the front door. I get up in a hurry and start to say "Excuse me" but check it in time.

When I open the front door, I am faced with a large man in an unpressed suit. He opens his coat and shows me a badge. I think immediately of my recent conversation with Egg Man and have an unhappy premonition that there is some connection between it and this man with the badge.

"I'm Seaver," he says. "Police headquarters. Milford."

Milford is a town about ten miles away. "I guess you are mixed up," I say. "We called no police."

"I'm not mixed up," Seaver says. "A tip was phoned in that a Mrs. Mullaney was hiding out here. She's wanted —"

"Must have been the work of some crank," I suggest. "Because of course there's no Mrs. Mullaney around here."

At that moment, Mrs. Brainard's voice blasts from the dining room. "MRS. MULLANEY! I'd like to speak to you about something, Mrs. Mullaney!"

Seaver looks at me and says, "One side, friend." Then he pushes past me. He walks into the dining room. I follow.

Patricia is standing in the doorway. Mrs. Brainard is waving the chip of the mixing bowl at her and demanding: "I found *this* in my dressing, Mrs. Mullaney. Kindly explain it."

Seaver points at Patricia and says: "Are you Mrs. Mullaney?"

"Yes," Patricia says.

"No, you're not!" I tell her.

"I mean I'm *not* Mrs. Mullaney," Patricia says, hastily.

"She most certainly *is* Mrs. Mullaney," Mrs. Brainard says.

SEAEVER looks at Peggy and Mrs. Brainard. "Both you ladies can positively identify her as Mrs. Mullaney?"

They nod. Seaver turns to Patricia. "Then you're coming to headquarters with me, in connection with that missing thousand dollars of your husband's."

Mrs. Brainard gasps. She gets up and leaves the room. Peggy looks at me and frowns. Patricia says, with a helpless look: "Take over, Jake. This thing has gone far enough. I guess you'll simply have to be the man behind the man behind the eightball."

I nod. "Seaver," I say, "I can explain this little mix-up very simply. You see, it all began when —"

Mrs. Brainard bursts into the room again. She's holding Patricia's midriff pajamas aloft. She says to me: "Young man, perhaps you can explain why Mrs. Mullaney brings a complete wardrobe, including pajamas and spare sets of underwear and such when she merely cleans out the camp?"

I'm very glad you brought that point up, Mrs. Brainard," I tell her. "Now, if you people will listen a minute —" And then I begin from the beginning and tell the whole story, the truth. When I'm finally done, I sink into a chair, relieved that it's off my chest. Until suddenly I become aware of the deadly silence. I look around and see these mocking smiles on everybody's face.

"Listen," I say, "don't you people *believe* me?"

"It's pretty preposterous, Jake," Peggy says.

"It's utterly ridiculous," Mrs. Brainard says.

"The situation between you and Mrs. Mullaney is quite obvious."

"You'd better come quietly, Mrs. Mullaney," Seaver says, looking at me sadly.

That is when I blow my top. I glare at Peggy and Mrs. Brainard and say: "Then okay, I'll come clean. Mrs. Mullaney and I have been living in a fool's paradise for years, of course. We thought no one suspected — not even Seaver. The whole sordid affair started one spring. I was young and Mrs. Mullaney was hardly the hag she is today and —"

Somebody breaks into very loud laughter. I look and see Patricia doubled up, in a chair. Then I say, "Well never mind the rest. Let's go, Seaver. I'm going to headquarters too."

"Jake —" Peggy cuts in.

"You heard me," I tell her.

"If that's the way you feel about it," Peggy says.

"That's the way I feel about it," I tell her.

Suddenly there are steps on the stairway. Every-one turns. A small, anxious, plump woman with an overnight bag walks in.

"And who," demands Mrs. Brainard, "might you be?"

"I'm Mrs. Mullaney," the little plump woman says.

"I think I'll call in the F.B.I. on this case,"

Seaver says, in a tired voice.

"I've had enough of this nuthouse," Peggy says, and she goes to pack. Mrs. Brainard follows.

I turn to Mrs. Mullaney — and it is Mrs. Mullaney all right. A little plumper but still Mrs. M. "But where'd you come from, Mrs. Mullaney?" I ask.

"The attic," Mrs. Mullaney says. "Up where all the mops are."

Patricia says, "But Mrs. Mullaney, I told you to stay there. You didn't mind. Now you're caught."

"I can't let them take you to jail on account of me," Mrs. Mullaney says.

"Listen," I ask Patricia, "will you give me the pitch?"

Patricia nods. "Mrs. Mullaney got your letter. She came here to tell you she couldn't do it. She found me instead. She was on her way to her sister's in Springfield and I told her to stay, that Gerald and I would be driving through there on the way home."

"But you hid her from the law —"

"Because she's not a thief. That money was hers, she'd earned it and saved it for years. Her husband found it and was going to buy a car with it. That's why she ran off with it."

"Then you and I didn't live in sin last night after all?"

Patricia shakes her head. "Mrs. Mullaney was in a third bedroom. I shoved her in the attic when your friends came. By the way, I think I hear your friends going."

"Listen," Seaver says, "I was sent here to bring back a Mrs. Mullaney. Either of you will do, but one I've got to have."

"I'll go," Mrs. Mullaney says. "They can't hold me very long."

So they go. Then Patricia says, "Well now you've lost Peggy. How about that?"

"I don't feel any soggiess inside or anything," I say. I look her up and down. "Why don't you go get yourself all glamourous up. I mean, before Gerald gets here."

"It's too late," she says. She goes over to the window. I go over. A blue coupe pulls into the driveway.

"Gerald?" I ask.

She nods.

I watch as Gerald steps out of the coupe. I stare. He has gray hair. I turn to her. "But he looks old. I mean, he looks old enough to be your father."

"It's a good thing," Patricia says, "because he is my father. That's why, like I said when you asked me, I'm quite fond of him. Jake —"

"What?"

"Try to make a good impression on Gerald, will you? He might even invite you to stay for the weekend. We're having a big party, if you'd really like to stay."

I look at her. "I would warmly welcome such an invitation, Patricia," I tell her. Then I straighten my tie. I smooth my hair. I am more than eager to make a good impression on Patricia's father. Because I have become pretty fed up with this business of being the man behind the man behind the eightball.

END

FOREVER NINETEEN



ARTHUR FREDERIC OTIS, JR.
JANUARY 26, 1926 ★ JUNE 20, 1945

*He loved a joke. His brown eyes danced in fun
And yet he had his sober moments, too,
When he would plan the deeds that he would do
For science when school days were past and done.
Old folks' and children's confidence he won;
He had a smile which all his comrades knew;
He rests near where the China Sea rolls blue
Beneath the friendly Okinawa sun.
We who remain grow older day by day;
Good friends depart and disappointments mount
As we attempt to fit the changing scene;
But he will not grow faint along the way,
The penalties of age he'll never count,
Forever young, forevermore nineteen.*

❁ THE PRIVATELY PRINTED BOOK "FOREVER NINETEEN" EXPRESSES AS EFFECTIVELY AS ANYTHING WRITTEN SINCE THE WAR THE PRICE MANY AMERICANS PAID FOR VICTORY. THE AUTHOR, MR. OTIS, HAS SET DOWN IN PROSE AND POETRY THE STORY OF EVERYONE WHO LOST A SON IN THE FIGHTING. PFC ARTHUR FREDERIC OTIS, JR., SERVING WITH THE TWENTY-SECOND MARINES, DIED JUNE 20, 1945, ON OKINAWA. THE GREATER PORTION OF THE BOOK WRITTEN BY HIS FATHER IN DEDICATION TO HIS MEMORY IS CARRIED ON THESE PAGES.

A SNOWY cab trip to the hospital in the dark, frightening small hours... a new baby boy at seven in the morning and red roses for Isabelle... limitless little-boy confidence in his daddy, instanced by a broken milk bottle on a sidewalk and his solemn pronouncement, "Bottle all broking. Daddy fix it."

... his unanswerable logic in calling the huge parasol over his sand box an "underbrella"... Daddy murmuring to the new sister in her buggy, "Yes, sir! She's Daddy's girl," and his three-year-old challenge, "Huh! You didn't born her. Mommie borned her."

... his bewilderment when pneumonia took Isabelle soon after his fifth birthday, and his philosophical acceptance when Aunt Mary took over, becoming "Mother" a year later... his trying so hard to be a good boy at the wedding that he fell asleep in the big chair, angelic in his white suit.

... his first grade teacher's comment, "I don't see how he manages to sit with his back to me all the time and still know what's going on"... a scolding for leaving his tricycle in the front yard all night, because someone might take it, and his indignant protest, "But that would be stealing."

... December, 1934, and a coasting accident which broke no bones but later caused his left hip so to protrude that he wore out his pants there carrying books against it... his sixth grade decision, from which he never deviated, to be a vertebrate paleontologist... the 1937 trip to the Bad Lands of South Dakota, made successful by his unaided discovery of a set of oregon teeth millions of years old.

... his sparkling brown eyes as he proudly donned his first Boy Scout uniform... his love of fishing, and a thin voice shrilling through the dusk at Bass Lake in 1938, "I gotta pike! I gotta pike!"... his struggles with the clarinet in Junior High band and his baggy peasant costume in the eighth grade operetta, "Chimes of Normandy"... his return from the 1939 Hi-Y canoe trip in Canada, tired, tanned, dirty, and happy, with a touch of pink-eye for good measure.

... his proudly marching with the high school band his freshman fall, doing intricate figures between halves of the opening football game, and little pieces of band music fluttering like leaves across the windy field—later discovered to have been *his* music... moving into the new house on April 1, 1939, with a room built over the garage especially for his comfort and pleasure:

*This room, we said, shall be his own,
Devoted to his things alone;
There'll be no need for us to scold—
He'll clean it without being told.*

Stamp collection, rock collection,
Pennants on the wall;
Coin collection, match collection,
Couldn't count them all;
Colored locomotive pictures,
Ships on stormy seas;
Partly finished airplane models
And a pair of skis;
Piece of tree cut down by beaver,
Rifle, shiny clean;
Map of north vacation country,
Marked for where he's been;

Fishing rod and reel and tackle,
Hats, some three or four;
Clarinet with sheets of music
Tumbled to the floor;
Broken-gutted tennis racket,

Mothy looking ball;
List of high school football games
Scheduled for this fall;
Open book where he's been reading,
Sprawled upon his bed,
With the mud of nearby field
Smeared upon the spread.

*His mother views it with dismay,
"I don't know what to do or say!"
His dad looks in with secret joy,
For dad, you see, was once a boy.*

... his passion for electric trains, and his annoyance with parents' failure to understand it... his irritation at the controls deemed necessary for a thirteen-year-old:

Being thirteen is a nuisance, by heck!
Mother still washes my ears and my neck,
Tells me my shoes are not properly shined,
Scolds when my shirt-tail is showing behind.

Dad says that thirteen is time for some brains,
Says I'm too old to be playing with trains;
When he was my age, he'd like me to know,
He was a hustler and earning real dough.

Movies now cost me a quarter a time;
Kids a year younger get in for a dime;
Haircuts, like grown-ups', cost seventy-five;
"Boys of thirteen are too little to drive."

Too big for this and too little for that!
Dad says my head is too big for my hat;
Mom says such fingernails she's never seen—
Gosh, but it's tough when a guy is thirteen!

... July, 1940, and our precious two weeks in a cabin on the shore of Boulder Lake, Wisconsin... his pleasure in hours of casting for bass, pike, and muskies... the calm of the woods and the good comradeship of early morning fishing together:

If your little boy should grow
To a youth you scarcely know
And you would not have it so,
Take him fishin'!

There's a get-acquainted breeze
And the whispering of trees
Puts you both upon your ease,
When you're fishin'.

Out of bed at break of dawn,
Meeting up with doe and fawn
Where the hungry big-mouth spawn,
Then to fishin'.

Still and calm, serene and fine,
Lonely, walled by birch and pine,
Nature puts you both in line,
Sittin', fishin'.

Porcupine and laughing loon,
Sunsets, northern lights and moon,
Perfect days that end too soon,
Wishin', fishin'.

There's a vast amount of joy,
Pure delight without alloy,
Rediscovering your boy
When you're fishin'.

... his changing voice, the unaccountable moods of adolescence, poignant regrets at the lack of understanding—the father-son friction which too often assumes undue importance:



It's kind of too bad in a sort of a way
That dads can't be boys for a part of the day;
And if the boys could be dads only once in a while
They'd be closer together by many a mile.

If dads could remember it's tough, growing up,
And knowing you're awkward as any young pup,

FOREVER NINETEEN (cont.)

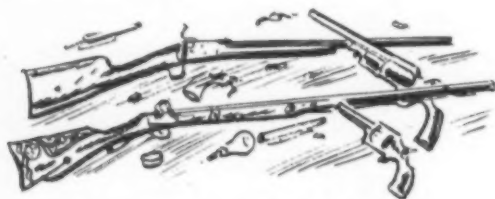
And knowing how often your bass notes are trebles,
They wouldn't so often make boulders of pebbles.

If boys could but realize all that it takes
For dads to keep plugging and hoping for breaks
Day in and day out, just as hard as they can,
They'd maybe try harder to please the old man.

But Nature provides with a generous hand,
Since neither the dads nor the boys understand,
And one cannot ever change place with the other,
It's almighty lucky that both can tell Mother.

... April, 1941, and our eight-day family motor trip south via Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Pensacola, New Orleans, Natchez, and Vicksburg ... his pleasure in acquiring "Minie" balls at Lookout Mountain and Vicksburg and a Spanish pistol in a New Orleans pawn shop.

... his relief at permanently parting company with his old nemesis, Latin, at the end of his sophomore high school year, and at being permitted to abandon his clarinet in favor of football ... his disgust when a wrenched knee in early practice put him out of the game for the season ... his growing interest in guns and his delight in the company of Jack Elliot and Fleming Brown, fellow collectors:



For people whose sons are collectors of guns,
My sympathy's deep and abiding;
Son of a gun! The guns of my son
Are seldom, if ever, in hiding!
His themes of discussion are "flintlock," "percussion,"
And "derringer," all, I confess,
Beyond me. He'll say, "This dates from the day
Of the hard-riding pony express."
In living room, hall, on table or wall
Are barrels and hammers and sights;
I don't understand how with gun in one hand
He gets all his homework done nights.
Be that as it may, this one thing I'll say
(His pleasure I'd not be deriding)
But for people whose sons are collectors of guns
My sympathy's deep — and abiding.

... the summer of 1942, and his first job as messenger for a typesetting house ... his increased confidence as he learned his way around Chicago, and his satisfaction at words of praise from his boss ... a going-away party for a girl classmate, and his inadvertent praise for his dad:

He's growing up, and talkative enough
Excepting only words which might reveal
How deeply he may care or think or feel
Concerning friends and relatives "and stuff."
At sixteen he, perforce, is loud and tough
And at whatever cost he must conceal
All trace of true regard; and heart appeal
Or sentiment deserves a quick rebuff.
How cherished, then, one small word shining bright,
Unwittingly included as he made
Report of what "the gang" had planned to do —
Of how he phoned and woke me late at night
To ask permission. Then — my accolade:
"Chuck said *his* dad was swell about it, too!"

... that same summer of 1942, another of those memorable Hi-Y canoe trips to Canada and his pride in catching the biggest fish of the trip ... his supreme satisfaction at earning his "G" in lightweight football the fall of his senior year ... his embarrassment when his father summed up the year's events:



Isn't it dandy that sixteen brings
A year so full of important things?
In light tan coat and gabardine pants
He took a girl to his first big dance!
Came summer, a job, and his first pay day,
When he learned about money the dog-tired way.
Then a canoe trip. He got his wish
By catching the party's biggest fish!
Bulky and bruised in a football suit,
This fall he added a "G" to his loot.
His spirits are high as a totem pole
At finding his name on the honor roll.
And then, to make things doubly pleasant,
He went out and shot his very first pheasant.
Oh, fun's always fun, but never so keen
As when it comes to a boy sixteen!

... his excitement, in February, 1943, over taking the examination for Marine Corps Officer Training, and his abysmal dejection on being told that his old and forgotten protruding hip had caused spinal curvature and a limp that proved insuperable barriers ... his graduation, and his departure for the University of Illinois ten days later to get in two semesters before his eighteenth birthday ... his brooding fear that he would be classified "4-F."

... the eagerness with which we looked forward to his frequent week-ends home; the quiet between those visits:

Out under the basketball backboard,
Where the grass was all scuffed away,
The lawn is as green as any you've seen
And the back yard is quiet today.

For high school commencement is over;
The old gang will gather no more
To struggle and shout and battle it out
Where the ground was as smooth as a floor.

A door at the turn of the stairway
Still carries a sign, "Don't disturb!"
And quietly there stand the desk and the chair
Where he wrestled with pronoun and verb.

The spaniel lies in his corner
Or goes to the window to look
As whistling draws nigh, but the whistler goes by
And Nappy returns to his nook.

Those schooldays were harried and hectic,
But now that the schoolboy is gone,
There's heartache and gloom in that dim, empty
room
And the grassy, deserted back lawn.

... his pride in the university campus when his parents came down for "Dads' Day," 1943 ... his enthusiasm over geology and his triumph in rating at the top of his geology lab class ... his increasing uneasiness as to his military status toward the end of his second semester, and his letter of January 9, 1944, saying "I sure wish I were in the Marines. Not school, but the regular, active Marines. I had a Garand in R. O. T. C. the other day and got to examine it a bit."

... his coming home to enlist in the Marine Corps and his boundless elation at being accepted, on January 17 ... his quick trip home to be sworn in January 24, two days before his eighteenth birthday ... back to finish his second semester, home on February 4, back to school to be initiated into Phi Sigma Kappa on February 13 ... and away to San Diego and Marine boot camp on February 18.

This is a song for three teen-age boys,
Sharing their high school trials and joys,
Always together in days afar back —
Frederic, Fleming, and carefree Jack.

Back in those days they swore with bravado
"When we're through school, we'll see Colorado;
Cynthia's cylinders, hitting in high,
Will take us where mountains rise to the sky."

Jack was eighteen many months ago;
Now his address starts with "A.P.O."
Fred joined the fighting Marines last week;
Toward San Diego adventure he'll seek.

Fleming's in school, but his days are few;
Not long from now he'll be leaving, too;
Cynthia rusts in a parking lot,
Thinking she surely has been forgot.

Some day the war will be over, and then,
God, bring those good lads home again —
May they still be young when the war is won!
May they still love laughter, companions, and fun!

... his letters from boot camp with their pungent comments
about sergeants, punishments, and progress ... our sharp re-
gret at learning that he had turned down an examination, based
on his I.Q., which would have led to nine months' radar training
and a staff sergeant's stripes ... his friendship for "Tex" Bunch
... his reiterated and productive requests for food from home:



Dear Mom: We marched five hours today.
I'm fine but very tired.
My bunk, I heard the sergeant say,
Leaves much to be desired.
I've just received my second "shot,"
I'm in a dismal mood;
This is the world's most dampest spot;
Please, could you send some food?

The chow is fine; I'm eating more
Than any other five;
But when I hear the sergeant roar,
I'm sorry I'm alive.
I mustn't laugh, I mustn't smile,
I'm just supposed to brood
On why the sergeant cramps my style.
Please, could you send some food?

Inspection comes this afternoon;
I understand it's tough.
We fall outside for mail call soon;
I hope you sent my stuff.
We rise at five, right on the dot;
By night we're quite subdued —
And say, I near almost forgot —
Please, could you send some food?

... the tense waiting when we knew it was "record day" on the
rifle range at Camp Matthews ... the sad let-down when his
letter came: "Well, yesterday was the big day. No doubt you are
still on the edge of your chair wondering how I came out. I'll
start by saying that I did the most miserable shooting of my
life, when it was so important to do well. I've got all sorts of ex-
cuses, but mostly I was scared stiff and shaking like a leaf. My
rifle jammed in rapid fire and the sights were off from falling
on the floor. Here is the bad news: I guess you know how the
ratings run: 306 expert, 292 sharpshooter, 268 marksman. I
shot a miserable 305. Just a point under the expert I wanted so
much. At least I'm a high sharpshooter. There can't be any

higher. Maybe I'll get another chance next year in the Owen
Stanley Mountains of New Guinea."

... our indignation when he wrote that he had turned down an
offer of sea school with a ten-day furlough — "if I'd wanted to
be on a ship I'd have joined the navy. The sergeant says every-
body who will get furloughs knows about it, so I guess I don't
need to worry."

... then that Tuesday afternoon of April 18, when he blew into
my office without warning, delighted at having fooled us into
thinking he wouldn't be home ... our walk together across the
loop, pausing to buy a sharpshooter medal and a long stepladder
of qualification badges for him to wear on his new dress greens
... how he wouldn't let me phone his mom, but must surprise
her, and how she almost fainted when she came out of a store
and saw him grinning there.



At thirteen he drove us almost to despair
With shirt tail hung out and no part in his hair.
At fourteen he hated the classes he sat in,
Had trouble in math and flunked out in Latin;
At fifteen, a junior, his idea of fun:
Dismantling or putting together a gun.
At sixteen his mother was sure he'd have dates,
But they weren't included in plans of the Fates;
He hurried to college when just seventeen,
A more verdant freshman has seldom been seen;
But now, at eighteen, he's grown up over night;
The U. S. Marine Corps has polished him bright
And rubbed off the corners and tightened the seams
And made him in eight weeks the man of his dreams.
He's mastered Butts' Manual, fired on the range;
He does his own laundry (it seems passing strange).
In spite of our worries, misgivings, and fright,
We guess maybe "that boy" will turn out all right.

... those ten days at home, with much racing around, a Saturday
night double date at the Empire Room ... his departure for
Camp Lejeune on April 28, when both parents went in to see
him off — rifle over shoulder, bags in either hand, and his
ticket in his teeth:

Our gas ration's worn to a frazzle;
Our phone bill shows long distance calls;
His guns, shined and oiled fit to dazzle,
Are all rearranged on his walls.

His furlough was short. Every minute
Was filled, in and out on the run;
He played it for all there was in it;
'Twas over before well begun.

He didn't seem very much older,
Though bigger and browner we know,
With rifle slung over his shoulder;
We didn't much want him to go.

A hurried farewell at the station,
A kiss and a handshake, and then
He's off with the stride of elation —
And when will we see him again?

... letters from Lejeune, telling of basic engineering training
and subsequent shore party school ... That Tex Bunch had
been sent to demolition training, and the upper bunk he vacated
was taken by one Tom MacLeod, an S.A.E. from Colorado ...

... August 12, when a tall, brown, husky Marine strode into
the hotel at Kinston, North Carolina, to meet his dad for a week-
end together, inquiring, "Have I got a relative around here
somewhere?" ... our good visit with many interludes of word-
less communion, between 3 P.M. Saturday and 1:30 P.M. Sunday
... his firm handclasp and fine eyes when he bade me good-bye
at the bus.

FOREVER NINETEEN (cont.)

... 10:30 P.M., Wednesday, September 6, when he arrived home on a five-day leave, after a bus-plane-thumb-train-electric trip from Lejeune, and proudly laid a brand new private-first-class chevron in his mom's hand... the way he stripped off his shirt and displayed his magnificent bronze back... his jittery state of mind and his impatience with recent weeks of inactivity... our last glimpse of him heading for the train gate in the Union Station on Saturday afternoon, September 9, his tilted cap towering above the crowd.

... his long distance call from North Carolina on Sunday October 22, saying he was about to leave (he thought it would be his last call)... a letter on November 6 giving a day-by-day account of his troop-train ride across the country to Camp Pendleton, California... the final call at quarter of two A.M. on November 7 — an operator's thin voice penetrating my sleep-fogged senses, "Will you accept a collect call from Pfc. Fred Otis at Oceanside, California?"... his voice asking what time it was here, apologizing for waking me, both of us fumbling for words... "Any idea when you'll be shipping out, Son?" "Yes, I've got a very good idea it will be tomorrow." "Good-bye and God bless you, Son."



The telephone rang on a bright Sunday noon;
His voice, coming clear, sounded eager and fit.
"I guess," he remarked, "I'll be pushing off soon;
According to rumor, this seems to be it."
We talked of much trivial this and that;
His friends, his leave, many things past knowing:
I'm sending a box with my garrison hat —
I won't be needing it, where I'm going.
You may not be hearing for quite a long while,
But please, will you keep your letters coming?"
"Good luck," I said. I could see his smile.
There was a click, and a dead wire humming.
The box came home just the other night
With the hat and some shells and a broken knife,
Treasures that spoke of a boy's delight,
Young and alert at the threshold of life.
Carefully, softly we put them away,
Ready for him when he comes home to stay.

... the arrival of Christmas packages bought on his last leave in the United States, when he and Tom MacLeod went on a shopping trip to San Diego... anxious weeks of waiting, a letter by free mail which we deduced must have been mailed from Hawaii, a card from Washington advising us that his ship had arrived at its overseas destination... and finally, on December 16, an airmail letter, started aboard the transport on Thanksgiving Day and finished early in December after he had landed, giving his new address: "Co. A, 6th Pioneer Bn., 6th Marine Division, c/o F.P.O., San Francisco."... "I now know that I'm attached to the best outfit in the Marine Corps. This is the Fourth Marine Regiment."

Say, what do you do about Christmas
When the boy of the house is away?
Who gets you up, and puts out the pup,
And how do you live through the day?
Who gets out the lights and the trimmings
And helps you to set up the tree?
Who fusses about when one string goes out
To see where the dead bulb can be?
Who helps bring in logs for the fireplace?
Who gets everybody confused?
Who whistles and sings and messes up things?
By whom is the motor car used?

What fun is it, planning for Christmas
And how do you find any joy
When all is so still without any thrill?
What's Christmas without any boy?

... our first Christmas without him, and our excitement Christmas morning at opening his packages — containing a grand piano Swiss music box for Mary, charm bracelets for the girls and a fine assortment of pipe tobacco for his dad.

The little boys who, such short years ago,
Came down the stairs in woolly "nightie-pants"
To see what Santa brought and if, perchance,
His boots had left a melting print of snow —
Those boys today are grown and gone, and though
They crawl in Leyte's mud or, grim, advance
Among the hills and through the snow of France,
They think today of Christmas, that I know.
Dear Lord, who wert Thyself a little boy,
Bestow on them Thy grace on this, Thy day;
Give unto each a thought of home, a smile,
A memory of laughter and of joy,
The warmth of winged love from far away —
And bring them back before too long a while!

... his lively letters from Guadalcanal with descriptions of the training area, the "gooks," his hunting for cat-eyes... his slow mastering of the art of making bracelets and necklaces from shells... his pleasure when three of the packages we sent reached him two days before Christmas.



The boys I meet o' mornings
on their way to Glenbard High
Are strangers now, and younger,
and their faces make me sigh
For other days a year ago,
or maybe two or three,
And all the boys in high school then
who called "hello" to me:
For Jack's in far Australia
and Pete's at Camp Lejeune
And Ray has heard the glory call —
he died a lot too soon;
Young Phil's in aviation now
and Flem's in navy blue,
And Fred's in South Pacific seas —
incredible, but true;
And all the rest are scattered,
but my heart treasures still
The way they said "hello" below
the high school on the hill.

... his requests for fruit cake and dried fruits and smoked fish, which he called "blind robins"... his writing, the day before his birthday, "tomorrow I'll be an old man of nineteen"... the two boxes he shipped home from Guadalcanal, containing necklace and bracelet sets for both girls and a bracelet for Mary, all fashioned painstakingly by his own hands, a huge "gook" war club nearly four feet long, and an odd assortment of ammunition, seashells, and cat-eyes... his comment on these, "About all they're good for is showing to friends and saying, 'Ain't our son peculiar to waste his hard-earned money and time on these things?'"

... the beautiful letter he wrote Mary for Mother's Day, when he knew he was soon to leave Guadalcanal for Okinawa and might not have a chance to write later. It was dated March 7, and the last paragraph said: "It's about time for taps now, and I'm pretty sleepy. I think I should tell you that in the past year I've really realized and appreciated how much you did to make my life easy and happy. I've met a lot of people and heard a lot of life stories and I've found out how smoothly my life has run and how empty

of hardships it's been. I really miss your cooking and pampering me when I even looked like I was going to feel sick. Thanks for all this, and I hope you have a very happy Mother's Day. Love, Fred."

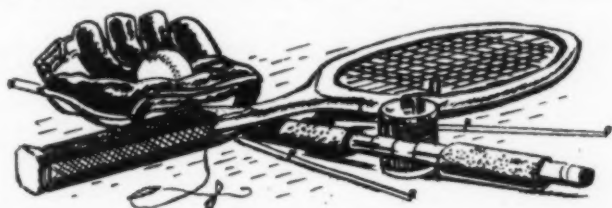
... the gap of 37 days between this letter and the next one — from March 17 to April 23 ... and our increasing apprehension as we read of the Easter Sunday landing on Okinawa and, later, that the 6th Marine Division was there.

The violets along my path
Are plentiful and blue;
Anemones and bloodroot bloom,
With lilacs budding, too;
But I am not responsive
To the vivid springtime scenes,
For my heart's on Okinawa
With the 6th U. S. Marines.

In town I labor absently,
Tall buildings look the same;
The springtime sky is lovely
From my high-up window frame;
I hunt for potent headings
To sell more good machines,
But my heart's on Okinawa
With the 6th U. S. Marines.

A lad, on Okinawa now,
Was keen to join the fray;
The apple of my ego
Turned nineteen the other day;
So I watch the news dispatches
And I know what worry means
When my heart's on Okinawa
With the 6th U. S. Marines.

... his letters received April 23, 24, and 25 told us all was well, that he had been busy, that there was nothing to worry about ... his heavily censored descriptions of Okinawa places and people ... Mother's Day, and red roses for Mary according to his request, with a card in his own writing enclosing two pieces of Jap paper money which "I picked up in a cave on Okinawa."



"The word has come through we can write what we like
Within certain set limitations."

(A six-inch hole here made it perfectly clear
We'd best use our imaginations.)

"Of course, I can't write of the fighting," he said,
"The first week I kept pretty busy."

(The rest of this page was cut off at this stage
And left us indignant and dizzy.)

"The air raids each night interfere with our sleep;
Your letters are coming O.K."

(With razor blade neat did the censor delete
The next lines in maddening way.)

"The climate is like California," he wrote.

"I'm fine, but right now I must hurry."

We grumbled a while and then read with a smile,
"That's all for this time, and don't worry."

... then his letter of May 10, commenting on the verse "Okinawa Reverie" which I had sent him: "Pardon me while I attempt to correct an error you have been making for quite some time. That is, when you're referring to the Sixth Division, you do not say the Sixth Marines. The Sixth Marines are the Sixth Marine Regiment and are part of the Second Division. Civilians don't know the difference, but if you're ever talking to a Marine, you don't want to sound ignorant. You also made the mistake in your verse of the 21st. And speaking of your verse, you might class that one with that high school gem about proms and such. I appreciate your sentiments, but is it necessary to tell them to

all of the Tribune's subscribers? I know you meant well, but it makes me feel rather self-conscious, particularly since I've neither fired my weapon nor seen a live Jap since I've been on the island."

... his letter of May 24, received June 2, which referred to his imminent departure for "rest area," which we knew to be on Guam ... then no word until the morning of June 29, when a V-mail came, headed, not "Co. A, 6th Pioneer Bn.," but:

PFC. FRED OTIS, U.S.M.C.R.
K CO., 3rd Bn., 22nd MARINES
6th MARINE DIVISION
c/o F.P.O., SAN FRANCISCO

Dear Pa:

About three weeks ago they asked for 15 volunteers from our pioneer platoon for the infantry. I asked to go and went. I've neither heard from you or had time to write. Someone just handed me this or I wouldn't be writing now.

I'm doing just about what the infantry is supposed to do, marching up hills, getting shot at, shooting Nips, marching up more hills, and eating "C" rations.

I think the Japs have tried to kill me with every type of weapon they have on the island. So far I've been very very lucky. A lot of the fellows haven't. I'm not allowed to speak of casualties. Tom came down with me, too, and was in the same squad.

Somewhere along the line I was made a fire team leader. I've got a team of four men. At least I'm an acting N.C.O.

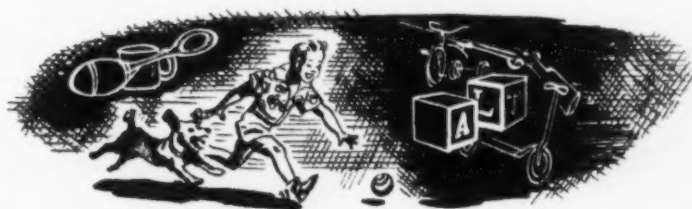
I'm awfully tired, but so is everyone else. Seventy-four days is a long time on one operation. I've been a little sick but I'm okay now. I'll make out all right. I think you can chalk at least two of the little beggars down in the family album. Got one with my .45. Hello to everyone. Try not to worry. Love, Fred.

... it's a beautiful piece of writing, saying exactly what he meant to say, including the news that Tom was a casualty ... not feeling humorous, he spelled "dear" correctly instead of his usual "dere" ... the word "love" before his name was unheard of in letters to his father.

... twelve hours later, as we sat on the porch, the bell rang ... Mary answered and a girl said, "Are you Mrs. Otis?" ... "Yes" ... "Are you alone?" ... "No" ... "I have a telegram for you" ... "All right" ... Mary held out her hand, unthinking ... "But it's from the Navy Department" ... then Mary called me.

"DEEPLY REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON PRIVATE FIRST CLASS ARTHUR F OTIS JR USMCR WAS KILLED IN ACTION 20 JUNE 1945 AT OKINAWA ISLAND RYUKYU ISLANDS IN THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTY AND SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY ..."

... we learned later that he died about six o'clock in the morning, which would have been three o'clock the afternoon of June 19 in Chicago, and at that time I was writing:



About a dream and a half ago
A little boy that I used to know
Would romp and play and tumble and grin,
Go rushing out and come rushing in;
He loved his dog and his trains were fun
And he used to pray when the day was done,
Kneeling in white at his daddys knee,
And then he would have a kiss for me.

He romped and played and grinned and grew,
And often his hair was combed askew,
And often he talked of the coming day
When he would be grown and would hurry away.
Then that day came and away he went,
On duty to far Pacific sent;
But I like to recall, as I guess you know,
Those days, a dream and a half ago.

Illustrated by
Sgt. John DeGrasse
Leatherneck Staff Artist

END
27



With the Coast Guard icebreaker *Northwind* leading, the central force moves through pack ice. The transports *Merrick* and *Yancey*, and the *Mount Olympus*, follow in file

Icebreakers are a must for cold country fleet operations. By rolling, bucking and ramming, they can slice their way through all but the toughest ice and floes



Task force 68 pushes into the barriers of unrelenting Antarctica



by Sgt. Vernon A. Langille

Leatherneck Staff Writer

ANTARCTICA, that vast refrigerated continent at the bottom of the world, has been of fluctuating interest since the time of the Greeks. Plato mentions "Terra Australis" in his disquisitions on the possibilities of an outer world. This later turned out to be our modern Australia, which is quite wide of the polar mark at which the great minds of that day were aiming their thinking. European explorers talked about the Antarctica in terms of the "Third World," to distinguish it from the Old World and New World. They might have discovered more about the phenomenal antarctic puzzle had not the demand for pushing back the frontiers of a richer and more prosperous continent called North America captivated them. After man had explored himself out, racing up and down and around the world's voluptuous middle, he set his mind once more on finding the ends of the earth. The arctic yielded to limited colonization but the antarctic never has.

Polar explorations have been receiving more and more attention since the turn of the century. The mounting public interest was capped recently by the international attention given the antarctic regions in the postwar period. A number of nations, reportedly seeking the stuff of nature from which atomic bombs can be made, sent expeditions down. The biggest of these was the three-pronged safari of the U. S. Navy.

But long before the opening of the resounding 20th Century it was known that the South Pole, unlike the water-borne North Pole, had built its icy fastness on a really large continent. Nathaniel Brown Palmer, a Yankee whaling skipper barely out of his teens, had made that discovery, quite by accident, 80 years before.

On the night of February 15, 1820, Palmer was sating his adventuresome spirit with idle voyaging some place within the 60th parallel. Suddenly his craft, the *Hero*, smaller than all but the tiniest of Columbus' ships, became enshrouded in the interminable fog. When the gray-white veil lifted the next day, the *Hero* was hemmed in by two fearsome looking Russian men o' war. Palmer was invited to join the Russian commander for a belly-warmer aboard his flagship.

"How far south have you been?" the Czarist navy man asked.

"As far as the ship can go," Palmer answered.

Photos by Lieut. Roger B. Thompson, USMC and official U. S. Navy Photographers

LOWDOWN ON HIGHJUMP

Palmer proved by his log that he had been deep within the Ross Sea, a part of the Antarctic Ocean which laps away at the ice-bound ramparts of Antarctica. His host turned out to be Fabian von Bellinghausen, discoverer of the southern sea which still bears his name. The inexperienced Palmer had found what a sea-bitten Russian commander had sought for three years in the best ships of Emperor Alexander's fleet. But records indicate that Palmer pursued his find no further.

The honor of discovering the South Pole fell in 1911 to Roald Amundsen, an intrepid Norwegian. Amundsen virtually crawled the last 100 yards of the way. He managed to survive only by his skill and hardiness where others had left their bones for the skua gulls to pick at. The Norwegian turned to the south pole after Robert E. Peary, in 1909, had walked to the North Pole, removing it from the grab bag of exploration prizes. Peary later prophesied that the biting air of both poles would soon be stirred by the whirling propellers of airplanes. Rear Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, then a commander in the Navy, was destined to make Peary's words come true. The Virginian flew over the North Pole in 1926 and the South Pole in 1929. He has since done more than any other man to shrink the frigid hinterlands of the southern hemisphere.

When the U. S. Navy decided to visit the antarctic en masse this year, Byrd accompanied the expedition as technical adviser. With three previous South Pole excursions to his credit, he is the world's No. 1 commuter to the cold regions. Armed with know-how from a wartime marriage of science and Yankee ingenuity, the Navy made its 1946-1947 Antarctic Development Project the peer among expeditions for 10 centuries.

The Navy chose to call its expedition "Operation

Highjump," a facetious misnomer because Task Force 68 went as low geographically as ever an armada of ships has dared travel. For here on the globe near the meeting of the earth's meridians there is no more south. Everything is north. Each meridian starts off on its own scale of time. In a strictly relative sense, today may be tomorrow and tomorrow yesterday, but the passage of the minutes and hours matters little in a lifelessly quiet land where glaciers move only fractions of an inch a year and titanic battles are waged by chunks of ice as big as the state of New York. A Marine gunnery sergeant, who test-drove one of the two LVTs the Navy took along, tiredly remarked:

"Nothing grows down there, except icicles and beards."

The fact that two and a half billion persons today occupy the globe and not one of these nor their ancestors has ever gotten around to residing within the Antarctic Circle is of more than just sociological significance. Guarding the continent as the Great Wall guarded China is the Ross Barrier, a high-cliffed gigantic ice mass that would easily cover all of France. Fittingly called the "Eighth Wonder of the World," it fringes Antarctica for 450 miles. Its seaward edge rises to 300 feet in places. Its inland extremity is frozen fast to the continent. Anchored beside it, the U. S. transports *Yancey* and *Merrick* looked like vessels from Jonathan Swift's land of Lilliputians.

Many a bearded mariner has taken one look at the Ross Barrier and passed on. Robert F. Scott, Britain's hopeful bearer of the Union Jack to the South Pole in 1902, steered his Dundee whaler right on by. He feared being pinned against the barrier by pack ice and icebergs. Scott landed farther on at McMurdo Sound, which like the Bay of Whales,

is an indentation of the Ross Sea. Where these indentations slot the barrier, natural entrances to the continent are formed. Shelf ice from the Bay of Whales to the continent slopes gently upward and makes an ideal base for polar operations. Byrd as well as many of his predecessors have favored it. From the Bay of Whales the distance to the South Pole is not as great as it is from other entrances. Neither is the Ross Sea, which feeds it, as ice-packed the year around as the Weddell Sea from which stem other usable bays. Although Scott reached the South Pole, his bid for fame was dashed to pieces. Amundsen had discovered it just three days before. On the return journey, Scott's dogs tangled in a vicious fight that exterminated all but a few of them. The remainder were eaten to stave off starvation a little longer. Caught in a blizzard without food and unable to travel, the whole party finally succumbed. Fortune could hardly have passed them a more bitter cup.

The Navy's recent mammoth expedition was as marked for its smoothness and success as Scott's was for its bungling and failure. Hundreds of tons of exploration trappings, loaded aboard ships at east and west coast ports, were toted 10,000 miles through the world's strangest and most treacherous of waters. The Ross Sea, for example, is a fantastic Titan's battle ground. Spitzbergen is considered the graveyard of the north polar regions. The Ross Sea is the Davey Jones' locker of the south. The best picture given of it to date is the description written by Thomas R. Henry, a Washington, D. C., newspaperman who made the trip aboard Rear Admiral Richard E. Cruzen's task force flagship, the *Mt. Olympus*:

"Here darkness is white, tempests are frozen, ice is alive, great silken tapestries of scenes in Avalon hang like curtains from the sky. White stars the



After the *Northwind* carved a three-square mile haven in the Bay of Whales, the *Yancey* and *Merrick* sped in to drop their cargoes



Aided by JATO (bottled jet), a DC3 takes off on reconnaissance from the carrier *Philippine Sea*. Skis are fitted for snow-landings

LOWDOWN ON HIGHJUMP (cont.)



Dog teams were used to supplement machines hauling equipment one mile up the Ross ice shelf to the expedition's base camp



Marines of the east and west groups, top row, left to right: Master Sergeant John Junneau, Lieutenant Claude Bromley, Captain Raymond J. Butters, Major Robert Weir, Captains Eugene McIntyre and Robert Limberg, Lieutenant Edgar Pitman and Master Sergeant C. L. Jansson; front row, Sergeant George Baldwin, Master Sergeants Andrew Van Mincey, Peter Vargo and C. P. Harrison



An LVT manned by Marines takes its first bite at the bay ice. The amphib proved handy for land exploration in the interior



Gunnery Sergeant George H. Bigelow does some souvenir hunting near where Geologist Lawrence Gould's plane was wrecked in 1929

size of quarter dollars fall at one's feet, mountains walk, lakes dive and swim under the ocean. Phantom navies fight doomsday battles in thunderous fog. Here the universe of Einstein becomes the everyday world where ships move standing still and sail backward by sailing forward. It is a realm where air is opium and everything seems as far outside reality as an opium eater's phantasies."

Science leaves the beauties of such phenomena to the poets and maybe the tourists; scientists will have no part of it. Theirs is a materialistic world of cause and effect, where the answers to confusing phenomena have to be tracked down. Within 45 days

after hitting Antarctica, 300 civilian and military scientists had reduced a great part of antarctic lore to prosaic columns of facts and figures.

The thick films of fog which rise out of nowhere, stealing over the whitened hulls of ships; advancing, retiring and forming into fantastic shapes, are not the conjured ghosts of the ice giants. They are commonly found wherever inflowing warm air of the lower latitudes meets cold air suspended over ice-congested waters or glaciated land.

The air over all of Antarctica is crisp and free of humidity, at least much more so than any other place on the globe. Here it never rains and pre-

cipitation falls to earth only in the form of ice crystals. These are the "quarter dollars" which fell on the decks of the task force ships in a blanket of silver. The phantom navies are flotillas of huge windlashed hunks of ice which have been carved into the shapes of ships. When the wind is blowing in one direction and the current flowing in another, their deep underwater hulls are borne along by the current against the surface pack which travels with the wind. They crash, grind, split, turn over and sometimes disappear in these endless actions of an imaginary fleet.

Fog, too, with the help of ice crystals, can produce



Tent row "Able," only a part of the huge base camp of Little America IV, holds out against the wind and snow on the antarctic ice plateau.

The base accommodated more than 300 civilian and service exploration personnel. It included a first-rate airfield built on the shifty snow

more optical illusions than a whole scrapbook of Ripley. On darkening days when the sun is cutting a smaller and smaller arc above the horizon, "sun dogs" are created. These are false suns — mirages — which have caused lost explorers to stop and curse the day that the astro-compass was invented. This instrument is practically the only one by which direction can be computed in areas so close to the magnetic poles. It takes its bearings from the position of the true sun.

Ice crystals precipitate polar static, the snapping and crackling that gets so loud in radio earphones that it sounds like the constant banging of a telephone receiver in the operator's ear. The noise is the amplified reports of small charges of electricity jumping from one ice particle to another. This static, combined with a situation known as "condition white;" the great tendency of plane wings to gather ice, and a phenomenally low stratosphere, present antarctic fliers with much more than their normal share of hazards.

Because the earth's atmospheric envelope is thin at the poles and bulges at the equator, expedition pilots found themselves flying under stratospheric conditions at altitudes not over 25,000 feet. The beginning of the stratosphere is technically described as a point in air where the temperature no longer falls with increased altitude. In fact, the mercury was found to rise with increased altitude over Antarctica. The average height of the stratosphere over North America is 60,000 feet. In the antarctic it may fall as low as 15,000 feet.

Condition white caught a big PBM Mariner patrol bomber while it was operating off the seaplane tender *Pine Island*, which was part of the eastern expedition force. It crashed into an ice plateau as level as your mother's dining room table, killing three of a crew of nine. The crash was attributed to invisibility resulting from rising and falling air currents of varying densities. Condition white can turn the air to milk, obliterate all shadow, and blanket out the horizon so that earth and sky are melted together indistinguishably. Photographs taken at such times show only plane surfaces. They are as devoid of perspective and dimension as 10th Century Chinese landscape paintings.

But, in spite of all that the fantastic region could cook up in the way of unusual phenomena, the Navy force proved itself master of land and sea. Guided by radar, that mechanical, omnipresent eye of the Fleet, ships of the central task force group picked their way through some 300 miles of pack ice and glaciers ranging in size from football stadiums to

New England states. Reflections of the huge hulks could sometimes be seen mirrored against the opaque polar sky, like dim maps projected on a ceiling. Whalers used to rely upon these reflections to keep in touch with other vessels of their fishing fleet. It is said by seamen that an oldtimer used to these parts can estimate the size of an iceberg with an uncanny degree of accuracy by its inverted image in the heavens.

Mirages, produced by a bending of light rays, are common to polar regions. On the antarctic trip they accounted for a good percentage of the calls to quarries. Icebergs often seemed to appear where radar proved there were none. Conversely, what seemed to be calm open sea ahead often developed into 15-foot thick floes through which the icebreaker *Northwind* had to cut a winding path. This rolly-polly ship with the broad beam and rounded bottom was by far the most powerful vessel of the armada. Its 10,000 horsepower, locked in twin screws, will smash a way through all but the toughest ice. While the other ships waited off the Ross Barrier, the *Northwind* cleared some three square miles of sheet ice in the Bay of Whales preparatory to the grand entrance.

The expedition consisted of three groups of ships. The principal group sailed out of Norfolk and later divided into what became known as the eastern and central groups. The western group, out of San Diego, proceeded to a point southeast of New Zealand while the central group, led by the flagship USS *Mount Olympus*, pushed through heavy ice to the Ross Barrier off Little America. Besides the *Olympus*, which had Adm. Byrd aboard, the group reaching Little America included the Coast Guard icebreaker *Northwind* and the cargo ships *Yancey* and *Merrick*. The carrier *Philippine Sea*, the seaplane tender *Pine Island*, destroyers *Brownson* and *Canisteo*, and the submarine *Sennet* broke off from the landing force farther out at sea.

The Bay of Whales is a lion's den. The slot in the Ross Barrier through which any ship entering the bay must pass, is not more than 300 yards wide. Beyond it, where the black-looking *Northwind*

fought its pigmy battle in a vast whiteness, gigantic masses of ice have been waging a doomsday battle for thousands of years. To go in without first investigating the situation could be as disastrous to man-made ships as it was for the Jap battleship force which poked through Surigao Strait in the Philippines during the catastrophic battle for Leyte Gulf.

The Ross and Prestrud shelves behind the Ross Barrier slope down on either side of the bay. Each year they inch closer together and any sudden shift of ice might close the slot and cut off escape for any ship within the bay. Consequently, only the *Northwind*, the *Yancey* and the *Merrick* ventured in. The rest of the central group remained in safe waters.

Like dancers in a monstrous marathon, ships in the antarctic seas for the most part must keep moving. In only a few hours ice forms where the water once was clear. At one time, when ships of the central force could no longer follow the sharp meandering path of the *Northwind*, the icebreaker cleared a haven for them and went out to scout for less impenetrable sea lanes. When the *Northwind* returned, the ships were being pressed from all sides by drifting pack and towering bergs. It was in these same waters that the ships of Shackleton, explorer friend of the ill-fated Scott, were held captive for 14 months before the creeping ice pack finally engulfed them. Shackleton was rescued by vessels of the British Royal Navy, sent out by King Edward VII.

Within the Bay of Whales the cleared water, less subject to currents and wind, is quite serene. But task force ships were not interested in that. With a sharp eye on the slot they hastily set down their cargo and fled to safer seas. Within a few days after the landing those handy masters of all work, the Seabees, had founded Little America IV. Little America III, Byrd's 1939 base, was still visible. Its radio tower was still holding out against the accumulating snow. Snowmobiles and sledges hauled hundreds of tons of gear and supplies over a gouged-out ramp to a safe point one mile up the Ross Shelf. The Seabees

Marines helped to secure the south polar beachhead



LOWDOWN ON HIGHJUMP (cont.)



Captain Boyd descends through a snow tunnel into Little America III, Byrd's base in 1941



Byrd congratulates Captain Boyd upon his return from a tractor trip 123 miles into the interior



Rear Admiral Cruzen scouted openings in the pack for his task force by going aloft in a helicopter

constructed out of ice blocks a 4000 cubic foot refrigerator in which to store extra food. This prompted Byrd to suggest when he returned Stateside that the antarctic could be used as a natural refrigerator for storing bumper crops against future hard times.

Nothing deteriorates in Antarctica. Food does not spoil and machines do not rust. Byrd and his associates flew a plane which was left in the snow six years before. They ate food left on a table which had been set from the day of their hasty departure to escape the fast approaching antarctic night. Antarctic weather and snow, which is as dry as desert sand, seems to have no harmful effects upon precision parts of mechanical and electrical equipment. Radios can be filled with it, cleaned out and operated. Although the powdery snow proved to be an asset in some respects, it had its decisive drawbacks.

To accommodate naval reconnaissance planes flying off a mother ship at sea, naval construction battalion engineers had to build an airfield on the shelf. Their task was made inordinately difficult because the dry snow would not pack. With the aid of snowpackers, bulldozers and other specialized equipment which the Navy is keeping secret, runways appeared in dry snow as shifty as quicksand. Planes were equipped with combination ski and wheel landing gears to make them equally adaptable to carrier and snow-covered ice.

It was from this field that Byrd made his token flight over the pole for old time's sake, covering approximately the same route which led him to fame on Thanksgiving Day in 1929. Two planes made the trip, one manned by all-Navy airmen and the other by all-Marine. To members of the crews, the jagged, clouded earth below could have held little more than passing emotional significance. But to the graying rear admiral, now in his late fifties, it must have resurrected vivid memories of a flight which caused as much stir as Lindberg's crossing of the Atlantic.

The powerful modern plane easily cleared Queen Maud Mountain, a 12,500-foot range that nearly brought disaster to Byrd and his pilot, Bernt Balchen, on that other trip. At 12,000 feet their heavy tri-motored monoplane was faltering for altitude. While Balchen guided it between the gorges of Queen Maud's perilous peaks, Byrd heaved a three week's supply of food over the side to lighten the load. Balchen steered close to the mountain's side and with the help of air currents cleared the challenging crests which stand like sentinels at the gateway to the polar plateau.

Along this route are the ghost trails of phantom dogs and phantom men; the "Butcher Shop" where Amundsen was forced to slaughter 24 of his dogs to string out the food supply. The journey to this site from the Norwegian's base on the Ross Shelf

had taken three weeks. Byrd's memorial flight took a matter of minutes.

Beyond the Queen Maud is the "Devil's Glacier" with its gaping crevasses, and "The Devil's Ballroom." Here one of Amundsen's men, Bjaaland, fell into a bottomless ice pit and escaped death by grasping a loose rope on one of the sledges. Farther on is "Hell's Gate" with its great glaciers bathed in multicolored clouds, and Mount Helmer Hanssen, with rounded top as bare as the bottom of a bowl. From an airplane, the South Pole is an exact position on the globe computed by the relation of the observer to celestial bodies and measured by a sextant or bubble octant. Topographically, it presents a picture of violent confusion. From the poetical point of view, the ice giants may have fought a battle in the area using huge ice blocks for ammunition. The gigantic cakes lay pellmell on top of one another and are scattered in all directions. Amundsen, who could see humor in the most sobering situation, wrote in his diary:

"Thank God we were not here when this was going on."

SUCH evidence of violent eruption millions of years ago at the earth's southern axis cannot be dismissed. Scientists have made several deductions concerning the south polar continent's ice-locked terrain and hopelessly lifeless state. The same convulsive force which scattered the ice blocks may have cut off Antarctica on all sides and left it in near-isolation.

Explorers have discovered fossils of a primitive plant life dating back to the Jurassic Age, identical in many respects with those found in South America. This has led to the belief that the land was at one time sub-tropical. However, no explorer has ever found a single fossilized vertebrate on the frigid continent. There are no four-footed land animals existing there and it is conceivable that none ever will — at least not for many milleniums hence. As long as herbivorous creatures can find no food, the carnivores can find no prey. These are the inalterable links in the food chain of the animal kingdom. Thinkers of this school believe that when Antarctica was isolated by the Ice Age, all evolution was stopped before land animals had appeared.

In conflict with this theory is a more recent supposition that Antarctica formed the great land bridge which both plant and animal life used to migrate over the earth's surface. If this were true, it is reasonable to assume that some fossils would have by now been found — bones of animals that could not make their migratory escape.

At the present time, all major forms of life in Antarctica virtually can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The lonely explorer welcomes the sight of most of them, happy to know that he is not alone

among God's creatures in a forbidden land. Antarctica's predominant inhabitants include various species of seals, penguins and birds. Most vicious of the land dwellers are the sea leopards. These huge half-ton maneaters are overgrown seals of solitary habits and ravenous appetites. They feed on other seals and penguins. They will attack man without hesitation. The pelt and head of one of them shot by Captain George F. Kosco, the expedition's senior scientist, was brought back to be mounted for display.

The killer of the seas is the Grampus whale, most notorious mammal of prey found in deep southern waters. It will gobble up seals and penguins and attack other large whales. Grampus whales fight in schools of four or five, attaching themselves in threes to their opponent's jaw while a pair of them thrash back and forth over his back. After the coup de grace is delivered, they fight among themselves for possession of a delicate tidbit, the victim's tongue.

Plant life on the continent is practically nil. Except for corethrions, swimming plants belonging to a race of diatoms (a distant relative of the common algae), no member of the 4000-man expedition saw even so much as a blade of grass.

Although the corethron is milleniums old, it travels in a highly modern manner, swimming about in a cold sea by a jet propulsion mechanism. Corethrions appear to be enclosed in glass shells, which is in itself a disturbing note for the future of mankind in this world. Science has predicted that eons hence, when the sun burns itself out, the present icebound state of Antarctica may be the condition of all the globe. In this future world silica will take the place of carbon and everything will be glass. For all anybody knows, the lowly corethron may come into its own, heir to a frozen earth.

As for the immediate practical future of the antarctic in the role of world affairs — economic, military and political — not even the U. S. Navy is in a position to make conclusive evaluations. The discovery of ice-free inland lakes is put forth in support of a current belief that the ice age may be losing its grip on the continent. Some believe that if the icecap were ever to melt, it would not refreeze and the continent would no longer be its own perpetuator of sub-zero temperatures and a frigid climate. Several of these inland peagreen lakes were photographed by fliers of the eastern group.

A factor upon which appraisal of Antarctica hinges, is correlation of mass scientific data gathered by Highjump governmental and naval agencies. Hydrographic experts obtained the first weather maps to ever come out of that stormy wind factory. Gales up to 60 knots were measured at an altitude of 60,000 feet by shooting radar at tinfoil corner reflectors suspended from balloons.

Mineral specimens of the continent were obtained by taking a core from the ocean floor with a "snapper." This simple apparatus is nothing more than a hollow pipe lined with cellophane. When lowered at falling speed through some 6000 feet of water, it buries itself in the sediment deposited on the bottom of the ocean by melting glaciers. Samples were brought up in huge bologna-like rings to be sliced and studied by the U. S. Geological Survey office.

The presence of pitchblende, a fissionable mineral which could be used in the atom bomb, was neither denied nor confirmed by expedition mineralogists. When the subject first came up for discussion, its reverberations could be felt in foreign offices throughout the world. Further atomic development, however, has removed pitchblende in the Antarctic as a political bombshell. It has since been found that materials of atomic importance are nearly equally distributed among nations and no country holds a monopoly on them, which reduces the importance of Antarctica from that standpoint. The United States government's lukewarm interest in the continent is evidenced by the fact that we have never staked a claim at this end of the globe and do not recognize any claims staked by other nations.

Although Antarctica may never find its place in an atomic world, it will always have a hundred thousand times more nuclear explosions per second than any other place on earth. The South Pole is a concentration point for cosmic rays, which in layman's language can be described as minute atom-bomb explosions caused by disintegration of matter in the atmosphere. These are the same cosmic rays which in other parts of the world have interfered with the functioning of electrical aircraft equipment during supersonic flight experiments. They are swept along a broad atmospheric highway by the earth's magnetic lines of force which are emitted at the North Pole and taken in at the South Pole. For several weeks during the expedition, scientists linked the ends of the earth measuring the variation of these magnetic impulses. The complex 10-ton machine recording the variations at Little America was synchronized with a similar one operating at Thule, Greenland. The Thule station was set up last year during Operation Nanook.

A crew of six Marine tractor specialists headed by Lieutenant Roger B. Thompson carried out a similar land exercise during the Highjump operation. They included Lieut. Thompson, Master Gunnery Sergeant James L. Thomas; Gunnery Sergeants Ralph O. Inman and George H. Bigelow; Sergeants Ernest B. Hatch and Dwight P. Smith, and Corporal Thomas A. Strack. Captain Vernon D. Boyd, ordnance observer, and MGySgt. Thomas were among the Marines at the top of the world last year. Capt. Boyd had also taken two previous trips to the antarctic and several to the arctic.

Over ice and snow-bridged crevasses which had never been traversed before by anything heavier than a team of 80-pound Labrador huskies pulling a freighting sledge, two LVTs strung out their tracks over 246 miles of ice plateau. Through hundreds of years of exploration, men in this part of the world have preferred the company of dogs to inanimate dealings with an impersonal machine. The tough-minded Amundsen preferred them for still another reason. They could be used for food whenever emergency demanded. In this respect, Operation Highjump made a clean break with exploration tradition. An LVT will grind ahead tirelessly dragging 10 tons of provisions where the best dog team would wear itself out hauling a tenth of such a load. In place of pemican, a beef food which has been a staple for polar explorers since time immemorial, the Marine Corps' LVT teams ate "E" ration and brewed coffee on an oil-burning stove. E ration is a combination of the wartime "C" and "ten-in-one."

BUT such conveniences cannot be termed comforts. They are privileges which men carve out for themselves by ingenious improvisation. Capt. Boyd is a past master at this business of coming to quick terms with necessity. It was he who outfitted the tractors with tarpaulin and plywood covers to shield the men from 25-below temperatures. Sleeping cots were rigged up in the tractor wells to rest off-duty reliefs. Each time the party stopped to eat or refuel, a cache was planted beneath a cairn of snow. Each cache contained the same amount of food and fuel that had been consumed. This is the only insurance that the explorer can take out on himself to make better his chances of safe return.

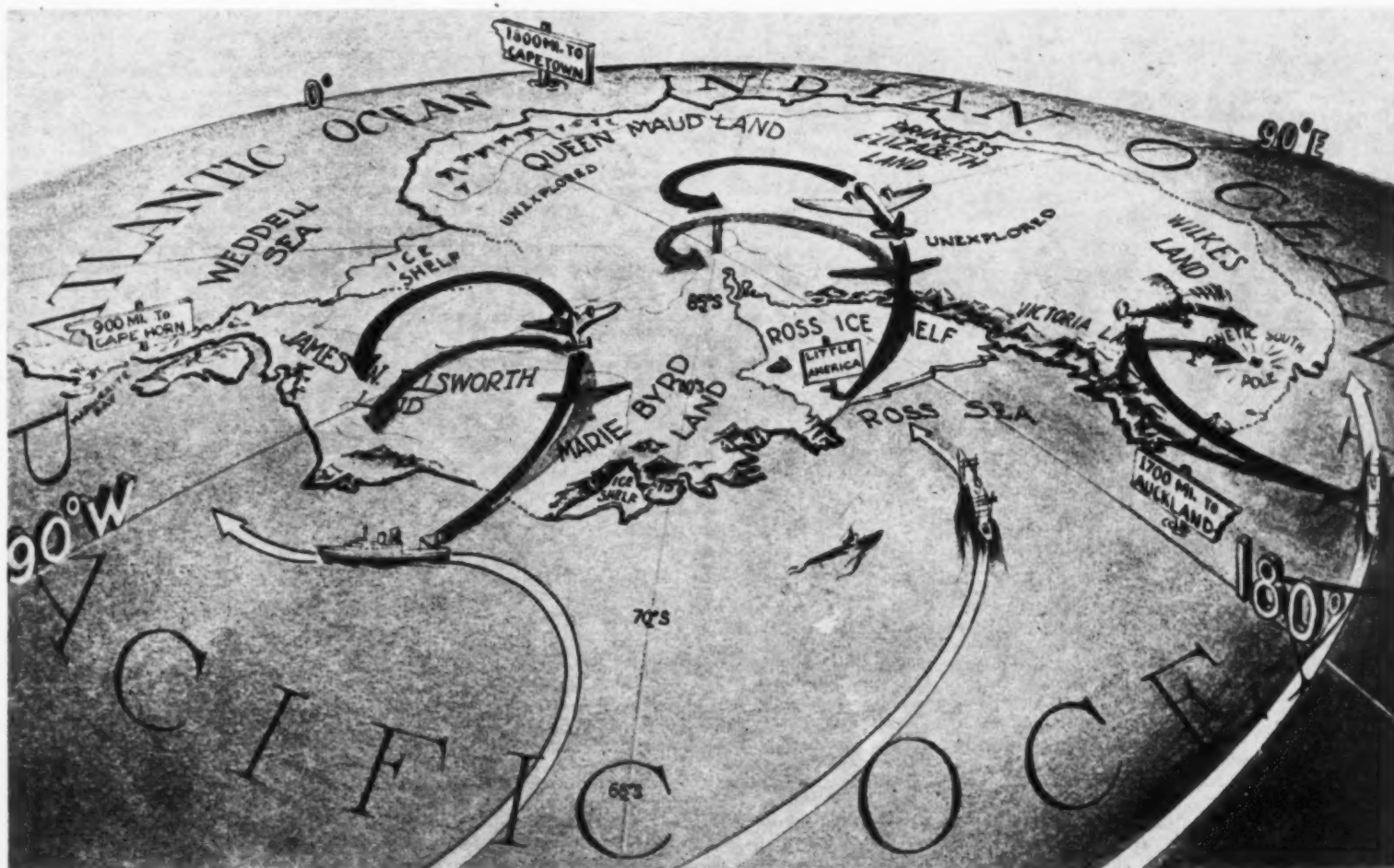
As the straggly LVT course stretched away from the base camp at the Bay of Whales in the direction of the Rockefeller Mountains, it passed a skeleton airframe with a few bits of tattered fabric waving from it in the breeze. Geologist Lawrence Gould and his pilot, Harold June, were stranded there by a blizzard in 1929. Byrd himself flew to their rescue, remaining behind to make room for the fatigued men on the plane trip back to Little America. A cache was left in case some other hapless explorer should be trapped by a similar fate.

The Marines took the first tractors up the 2½-mile slope of Mt. Helen Washington, which rises to an 1800-foot peak. Its crown of grayish-black rock jutting through the snowcap was found to be old and rotten. Erosion deals harshly with the few barren spots of earth in Antarctica, so nature sees to it that the continent sleeps on in a blanket of ice and snow. From Mt. Washington, one crew steered its LVT3 across a stretch of intervening ice and up the adjoining slope of Mt. Franklin. The Marines were back at their home base by February 19, proud of their exploration feat but thoroughly convinced that Antarctica will never be the battle scene of a large scale tank or tractor operation.

In all its aspects — land, sea and air — the Navy's expedition will be talked about in the history books of discovery for decades to come. Aerial and land forces of the three groups found 1,700,000 square miles of new land. Actual discoveries included 22 mountain ranges, 26 islands, 20 large glaciers, nine bays (one of them 20,000 miles square), and five capes. More than 5000 miles of coastline was charted. Seventy thousand aerial photographs were brought back from which to map the antarctic as we know it today.

But in spite of its unparalleled success in charting these desolate polar regions, the antarctic as a continent may never be fully explored. Two million square miles of it still remain unseen. It may not be one of man's ambitions to explore it further. It seems safe to say that our interest in polar exploration is already in the process of being diverted by greener pastures of adventure. This time it is talk of inter-planetary travel. That at present seems to be the consuming thought for the opening decade of our new Atomic Age.

END



Above is the artist's conception of the three-pronged land and sea expeditions put together. The continent irregularly draped around the South Pole covers six million square miles, much of it still unseen

Comparing the infantry weapons of three nations—the U.S., Britain and Russia



by Capt. M. J. Sexton

EVERY Marine has at one time or another learned the creed of the Corps—"This is my rifle. There are many like it, but this one is mine. My rifle is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I must master my life. My rifle without me is useless. Without my rifle, I am useless..." It brings back nostalgic recollections of boot camp, where it was committed to memory, and symbolizes the intimate relationship of all Marines with their basic weapon.

The history of the rifle as a military weapon in general use does not begin much before 1800, although many attempts had been made to introduce it for troops in the 17th and 18th Centuries. One of the earliest of these was the arming of some of Denmark's soldiers, at the beginning of the 17th Century.

The Baker rifle, which was the standard arm of the British rifle brigade until 1837, is pretty typical of the sort of thing soldiers had to fight with in the early days. The Baker used ball-shaped projectiles that weighed a twentieth of a pound, although the rifle itself, nine and a half pounds, was not heavier than the modern Garand. The ancient piece was sighted for 100 yards, and had a folding-leaf providing for an elevation of 200 yards. It was operated by flint-lock and bore a triangular sword bayonet 17 inches long.

It was a muzzle-loader of a very difficult sort. Although the ball was kept oiled by the greasy rag in which it was wrapped, it was not easy to force into the barrel. First a small wooden mallet was needed to drive it into the rifling, and then it was jammed down to the firing position by vigorous applications of the heavy ramrod provided for that purpose.

The 19th Century brought big developments in infantry weapons—developments that were to change the basic concept of infantry fighting. Among these was breech-loading. The first breech-loader was the needle gun, invented in 1836 and used by the Prussians so successfully that they were able to found modern Germany with it. It could be fired lying down and it was possible to load it on the run so that the man fighting with it soon became a skirmisher instead of the stiffly-drilled soldier who, using the old muzzle loader, was forced to stand up on a rigid firing line to fight. By worming their way along the ground, and firing from cover in bursts, the Prussians struck panic into the ranks of the upright Austrians in the Seven Weeks' War of 1866.

The needle gun, invented by Johann Nicholas von Dreyse, was a bolt-action type, the forerunner of rifles as we knew them before World War II. It got its name from the long needle, or firing pin, that was driven into the cartridge when the trigger was pulled. A long series of inventions and developments led to such fine pieces as the old Springfield used by the Marines, the British Lee-Enfield and the Russian Mosin. Almost all of the bolt-action rifles prevalent before the last great war were more or less of the same style.

The United States was the first major power to

develop a semi-automatic weapon for its infantry. This was the Garand, adopted in January, 1936, and put into production at the Springfield Armory. By 1940 nearly 50,000 had been made. Late that year, after extensive tests, the Marine Corps adopted it too. It remained the basic weapon of the Corps throughout World War II, although the smaller and lighter carbine came into rather general use during the latter phases.

But whether the Marine is armed with the carbine, the Garand or an automatic rifle, he is still required to know about the others, because his life and the lives of his buddies may depend on his knowledge of all three, and on how he uses that knowledge. That is why so many hours are devoted to schooling on weapons, no matter where the post is—aboard ship, in the field, Stateside or on a foreign shore.

Those of us who carried the M-1 in World War II, and saw it in action, attest the fact that it is a superb weapon. Sturdy in construction, finely tooled, it withstood the most rigorous trials of combat the world over.

In the Marine rifle squad of 13 men, nine of the personnel are armed with the M-1 rifle. In the U. S. Army squad of 12 men, 11 are armed with it, and in their latest proposed squad of nine men, eight would be carrying Garands.

The British basic infantry weapon is the British Mark 1 Rifle 4, an up-to-date production copy of several previous models of the famous short magazine Lee-Enfield rifle. In 1943 they were in extensive manufacture in the British Empire and were being issued to all infantry divisions. It is the weapon carried by a majority of the British infantry units.

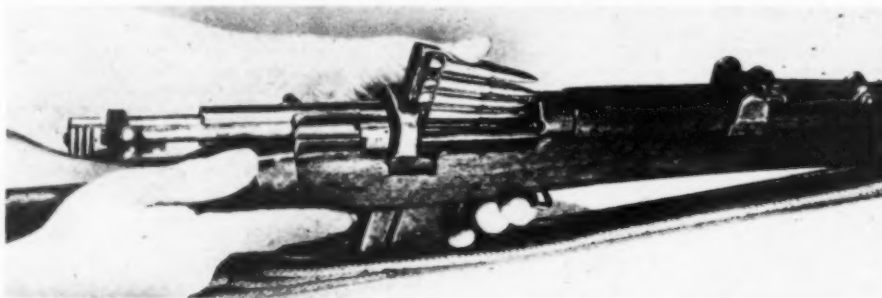
the British rifle is a little over one inch longer than the M-1 (44.75 inches) without a bayonet and half an inch shorter than the M-1 with a bayonet (53 inches).

The two clips for the Mark 1 are inserted into the top of the receiver. The clip, or clip guide, is not in itself left in the rifle. The cartridges are stripped from it as they are pushed by the thumb of the rifleman into the receiver and the clip itself is removed before the bolt is locked into the firing position. The reloading is slowed by the two separate operations necessary to fill the 10-round receiver.

The British rifle section, the equivalent of the U. S. Army rifle squad, is composed of 10 men. Eight members of the British section are armed with the Mark 1.

All Russian infantry will soon be, if it has not already been, armed with a gas-operated, semi-automatic rifle very similar to the Garand. Originally known as the "Siminov" rifle, the newest version is now called the "Tokarev," model 1940. The rifle uses the Russian 7.62-mm. (.30-cal.) rifle cartridge and weighs about 10.8 pounds. So if we were in the Russian infantry we would be carrying around 1.3 pounds more than is the case with the M-1. The outstanding difference between the Garand and the Tokarev lies in the fact that the latter has a 10-round box type magazine, similar to our eight-round clip. It is inserted from the bottom instead of from the top of the receiver. The length of our basic rifle exceeds the Russian rifle both without bayonet (43.6 inches to over 40 inches) and with bayonet (53.6 inches to 51.5 inches). In the Russian infantry unit comparable to our rifle squad, known

LOADING THE BRITISH MARK 1



The caliber is .303 and it differs essentially from the M-1 in that it is bolt action, weighs .3 of a pound less, and has a 10-round magazine.

There is a great deal of opportunity for debate when considering the comparative average rate of aimed fire per minute of the two rifles. Because it is a bolt-action weapon, it is generally agreed that an average rifleman cannot fire as many well-aimed rounds per minute with the British rifle as with our semi-automatic piece with its clip of only eight rounds. Time in reloading is shorter for the M-1 by virtue of the fact that it is reloaded by the one clip instead of two five-round clips necessary for the British piece. Other varying characteristics are that

as the group, 11 of the 13 men who make it up are armed with the Tokarev.

The Russians, with their 10-round magazine, have the advantage of two rounds over the U. S. rifle. The average rate of aimed fire with the M-1 is 30 rounds per minute, or a round every two seconds. It is difficult to visualize an average rifleman getting off anything better than that. But the extra two rounds in the Russian rifle do give it an advantage. On the other hand their weapon is heavier than ours.

The basic U. S. automatic rifle, used by the Marines and Army alike, is the Browning. Its counterpart in the British army is the Bren gun, a

WORLD POWERS' FIREPOWER

BRITISH BREN .303, LIGHT MACHINE GUN



light machine gun used tactically as the American soldier uses the BAR.

The 20-pound BAR is three pounds lighter than the Bren. The comparative maximum effective ranges for the two are 600 yards for the BAR, to 500 for the British weapon. The Bren's magazine will hold 30 rounds, ten more than that for the BAR. The Bren and the Japanese Nambu bear a great resemblance to each other and have many similar features, including the arc-shaped magazine fitted to the top of the two weapons.

The BAR has a normal cyclic rate of fire of 550 rounds a minute and a slow rate of 350, but its most effective rate is between 120 and 150 rounds. The Bren's cyclic rate is between 450 and 550 rounds per minute. A very fast operator is said to be able to deliver 150 rounds, or five magazines, in a minute. (The cyclic rate is the actual maximum firing speed, computed without figuring reloading time. The maximum effective rate is the rate applicable to combat, when the firing is done in short bursts.)

RUSSIAN DEGTYAROV 7.62 MM. 1938 LIGHT MACHINE GUN



caliber is 7.62-mm. (30 caliber). The magazine, as may be noted in the photograph, is a pan type, mounted over the receiver and holding 47 rounds. The maximum effective range is identical to our automatic weapon, 600 yards.

The cyclic rate of the Degtyarov is approximately the same as the Bren, but it fires full automatic fire only, while the Bren, can be put on either semi- or full-automatic.

Like the British with their Bren, the Russians have just one Degtyarov in each group. In any comparison of the automatic riflemen of the three countries, those in the U. S. Marines seem to possess a definite advantage, for we have seen that the Marine squad carries three BAR's.

The third category in this comparison of basic weapons comprises the pieces carried by the squad, section and group leaders. The Marine squad leader is equipped with the carbine, the lightest arm of all. The U. S. army squad leader uses the Garand, while the British section leader totes a Thompson

submachine gun and the Russian group commander is armed with a submachine gun of lesser caliber. But the carbine, short, and weighing 5.75 pounds complete with magazine and sling, permits greater freedom of movement and mobility. Its magazine holds 15 rounds and its maximum effective range is 300 yards.

During World War II the carbine largely replaced the .45 pistol in the Marine Corps for command personnel and those burdened with bulky gear. There is no doubt that it is much more effective than the .45. It is more accurate at greater ranges and has a far greater fire power.

A new model carbine, designated the M-2, provides still greater fire power than the old model. It can deliver either semi-automatic fire, or full-automatic fire at the cyclic rate of 750 to 775 rounds per minute. A new 30-round magazine built for it may eventually be used on all carbines.

The British section commander uses either a genuine Tommy or an adaptation of it. The Thompson

RUSSIAN SUBMACHINE GUN, 7.63 MM.



The Bren is one of the finest light machine guns ever developed, but only one is used in a British rifle section as compared to the three BAR's in a Marine squad. The Bren is essentially a one-man machine gun intended to be used with a bipod mount, or to be fired from the hip while moving in action. It may be readily converted into a machine gun firing from a tripod mount, or as an anti-aircraft weapon against low flying planes. It is a versatile piece, but a machine gun and not an automatic rifle in ordnance classification. The one Bren found in the rifle section is there primarily to furnish a base of fire for the riflemen, but it is not as mobile as the BAR.

The greatest difficulty that we would encounter as a Russian automatic rifleman, would be in correctly pronouncing the name — Degtyarov. For no other weapon manufactured anywhere in the world excels it for simplicity, reliability, and general design. This Russian automatic weapon weighs 18.5 pounds, which is even less than our BAR, and its

U.S. THOMPSON .45 1928 SUBMACHINE GUN



son is doubtlessly the most widely known of all submachine guns in the world, and probably the most widely used.

The Thompson weighs, without a magazine, 9.8 pounds, and has either a 20-round box type magazine or a 50-round drum type. When the gun is fitted with the drum it weighs approximately 14 pounds. The cyclic rate of fire is from 600 to 700 rounds per minute. The maximum effective range is the same as that of the carbine — 300 yards.

The Russian group leader's weapon, known as Model PPSH-41, is usually fitted with a drum magazine, similar to that used on the Tommy, with a 72-round capacity. The maximum effective range of the Russian weapon is also 300 yards. It weighs 10.1 pounds.

This article has attempted to emphasize the main characteristics and capabilities of each country's basic weapons. For it is such basic weapons, in the hands of infantry, that still play a decisive role in combat.

END

BROWNING AUTOMATIC RIFLE M1918A2





THE WEATHER WAR

by Corp. Donald H. Edgemon
Leatherneck Staff Writer

AS MARK TWAIN once said, "everyone talks about the weather, but no one does anything about it." During the recent great war the armed forces of all the belligerent nations did do something about it and many a date for battle was cancelled or changed because the weatherman said it had to be.

Because of the amphibious character it developed, war had never before been so dependent on and so much at the mercy of the movements of warm and cold fronts and the workings of high and low pressure areas. There were critical landings to be made in the Mediterranean and European theatres of operation, and out across the Pacific. Their planners had to know whether the weather would be set to stop them before the enemy could try. The military weatherman was on the spot. He had to know.

Preparations for this phase of 20th Century fighting began, not in the early 1940's, but during the fourth century before Christ, when Aristotle, credited with being the first meteorologist, began studying wind directions. Since that time science has gradually amassed information on the causes and effect of weather, until, at the start of hostilities six years ago, it was ready to take its greatest strides, under the lash of war necessity.

Perhaps the most spectacular demonstration of the large part played by the weatherman in beating the Axis was given in February, 1944, when, because the weather pattern over Europe was closely matching one of the same

The elements played a prominent role



Marine Corps meteorologists, serving in the South Pacific during the war, released balloons to check wind velocity and direction. The path of each balloon was traced by a theodolite

in the strategic planning of the war

World War II forced the Allies to fill large gaps in their knowledge of the globe's weather conditions

period in 1904, the AAF was able to irreparably smash the German factories that were the root of Luftwaffe power.

The tip-off did not come until just a few days before the raids were started. During a period of pretty miserable weather, meteorologists noticed that the day's synoptic map was following in remarkable detail one for the same season 40 years before. The second day tallied, and so did the third. This historical sequence indicated that good bombing weather was only a few days off and the word went out to the U. S. Strategic Air Force headquarters and the Eighth Air Force to get ready. The alert had to be temporarily withdrawn the fourth day when weather conditions suddenly shifted away from the expected trend and bad weather set in. But on the fifth day the old picture resumed and planning was continued.

The famous raids of February, 1944, followed. In six days 3800 bombers were hurled at the enemy, their bombs smashing factories that were producing two-thirds of the German single-engined fighters and three-fourths of the Reich's twin-engined bombers. This was the blow from which German air power never recovered.

With our entry into the war no time was lost by the Army, Navy and weather bureau in setting up units to collect and analyze any and all weather data from the beginning of weather records. It became evident that there were great gaps in weather background. There were no records of meteorological reports in the interior of Greenland, for instance, and over much of the vast Pacific areas. The world picture was, however, generally well known.

Basically, weather is produced by the movements of cold and warm air masses, the former coming down from the polar ice cap and the latter up from the broiling equator. Their meeting place is known as a "front." If the cold mass predominates, then a cold front is formed; if the warm mass predominates, a warm front occurs.

The main interaction of this warm and cold air occurs in the middle latitudes of each hemisphere. Hence the weather here is the most intense and the most difficult to forecast. The early fighting in the Pacific took place in the equatorial regions and, because the weather there is fairly constant throughout the year, forecasting can be exceedingly accurate and will usually cover a long period of time.

The so-called north Pacific and north Atlantic areas, which are really in the stormy middle latitudes, the regions of most of the weather fronts, provided the real problems. The main weather controls for these north Pacific and north Atlantic regions are the high-pressure regions over Siberia, the mid-Pacific, mid-Atlantic and over Greenland. Northern Europe, England and the English Channel, over which German-run Europe had to be attacked, experienced weather coming in from the Atlantic. Since, generally, weather moves from west to east, the Allies had the advantage over Germany through their control of Greenland and the Atlantic. But in the Pacific the Japanese held the advantage and it was only through the superior ability of our "rain-makers" that we defeated the Nips in this phase of modern warfare.

In pre-war peacetime the weatherman liked to confine his forecasts to 24-hour periods, but he could, with misgivings, extend them to 36 future hours.



Much of the Pacific's upper air data was supplied by the Combat Air Patrol. One of the CAP's weather planes is preparing for a flight over enemy terrain to sight in on weather conditions

This was not enough advance notice for the war strategists. The accuracy of a weather forecast is partially dependent on the completeness of the weather-reporting network. It became necessary to establish weather units in many geographic localities where reports were deemed necessary but had either been too sparse or altogether non-existent. This included much of the Asiatic mainland, the Aleutians and Greenland. As the fighting progressed across the Pacific, new units were established on captured islands. The rainmakers landed with the troops and went right to work. Gradually, forecasting became more expert until, at the war's end, the period of accurate prediction had been stretched to five days.

Weather that in the first World War would have been considered a handicap was used advantageously in this war. The campaign against the Axis in Sicily provides a good illustration of this. The entire Allied attack was planned to follow a storm that started over North Africa and swept across the Mediterranean Sea. Meteorologists were able to predict this storm and to know that it would subside in time to permit the assault to go ahead on schedule. Rough seas caused a great deal of seasickness, but the landing came as a surprise to the enemy.

IN 1941, Greenland came under the protection of the United States as a necessary war measure. Its strategic value from a weather standpoint was obvious. It experienced weather that would visit Europe at a later date. From a more general military standpoint, it was only six hours from Britain by air.

The Nazis needed to know about coming weather conditions even more urgently than the Allies, for their very existence might depend on it. They had to know when and where Allied planes would strike in order to set up the best possible concentrations of defensive aircraft. They wasted no time in establishing weather stations there and it became the job of the U. S. Coast Guard to break up the Nazi facilities.

After some of the most unusual cold-weather fighting the war was to produce, the Nazi stations were destroyed and enemy meteorologists taken prisoner. We established our own weather units there and depended upon Coast Guard sea patrols to prevent further infiltrations by the Germans. The Navy was employed against the U-boat, and in destroying that menace it wiped out another Nazi method of gaining weather intelligence. Radio-equipped under-sea boats were detailed to keep a check on weather developments over the north Atlantic.

General Eisenhower was called upon to make what was probably one of history's greatest battle decisions when he set the date for the cross-channel invasion of Normandy. Irrespective of weather conditions he had already been forced to postpone the operation 30 days because of a lack of supplies and

troops. The date could finally be tentatively set for June 1, 1944.

Now a vast invasion machine that had required such a tremendous amount of planning and preparation, of intricate scheduling, had to be held in check until the rainmakers could say "go ahead." Five thousand ships and hundreds of smaller craft waited.

Four factors were involved. A full moon was needed so that plane pilots could most accurately bomb their targets in pre-dawn, pre-assault attacks. A reasonably calm sea was imperative to keep ships from crashing into each other and to keep troops, if possible, from getting too seasick. A low tide was necessary if demolition squads were to eliminate underwater beach obstacles. The low had to occur early enough in the morning so that another low would be completed before darkness. This was necessary for follow-up landing operations. Last, the wind should be blowing inshore so that the dust and smoke of battle would drift toward the enemy.

It was possible to be certain of the tide and moon weeks before the tentative date. Meteorologists knew favorable conditions would hold during the period of June 4-7. June 5 would be best of all. But the rest of the forecast would have to wait for last-minute conditions. On June 1, a gale swept the English Channel. Three days later it had not subsided and meteorologists informed Gen. Eisenhower that the 5th was out. But, on the morning of the 5th the forecasters spotted a weather front coming in from the North Atlantic faster than they had previously expected it would and their best guess was that the fair weather following it would arrive on the morning of the 6th.

Eisenhower considered the prospects. If the assault was postponed beyond that day — the 6th — it would have to wait at least two weeks longer before another low tide would come in at the right time and it would not be possible to keep troops aboard ship that long. Finally the general gave the word. "Well, we'll go," he said.

As further evidence of using weather to an advantage, meteorologists planned one raid on Germany so that bombers flew in a cloud bank that reached from England to within a few miles of the target. Allied planes were hidden from enemy attack all of the way in, but had clear weather over the target.

The bombings of German dams in the Ruhr were carefully timed on the basis of climate. The attacks took place in May, since meteorologists knew that at that time the dams held the most water. This meant more pressure behind them and more damage to be done when the dams were ripped by our bombs.

In some respects the Nazis had better meteorological equipment than the Allies. However, we had the weather advantage and our weathermen ulti-



Women Reservists received training in meteorology at the Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N. J., to replace Stateside weathermen



A typhoon is picked up on the radar scope of a ship in the Pacific. The calm, rain-free center of the storm is northeast of the ship

mately proved their superiority over Nazi meteorologists by their lethal forecasting in the European theatre.

The Pacific theatre presented an entirely different weather picture. The Japs' sneak attack on Pearl Harbor proved that the enemy's weathermen could not be underestimated. These men knew that weather traveled from their country toward our outpost islands and they wasted no time in utilizing this advantage. In their first offensive attack, Nip fliers came in behind a cold front that turned the atmosphere into a dense fog and shielded them from return fire.

Thus on December 7, 1941, this country was confronted with a war in which nature would play a decided part, and already it seemed that the enemy had captured "old man weather." To cope with this problem, the Navy and Marine Corps greatly expanded their weather units. Men left their chosen occupations and were trained in a new profession to study, forecast and know weather conditions in the Pacific. Marine Corps meteorologists, who were trained at Lakehurst, New Jersey, went through intensive 12-week courses on instruments, weather charts and the elements of forecasting weather.

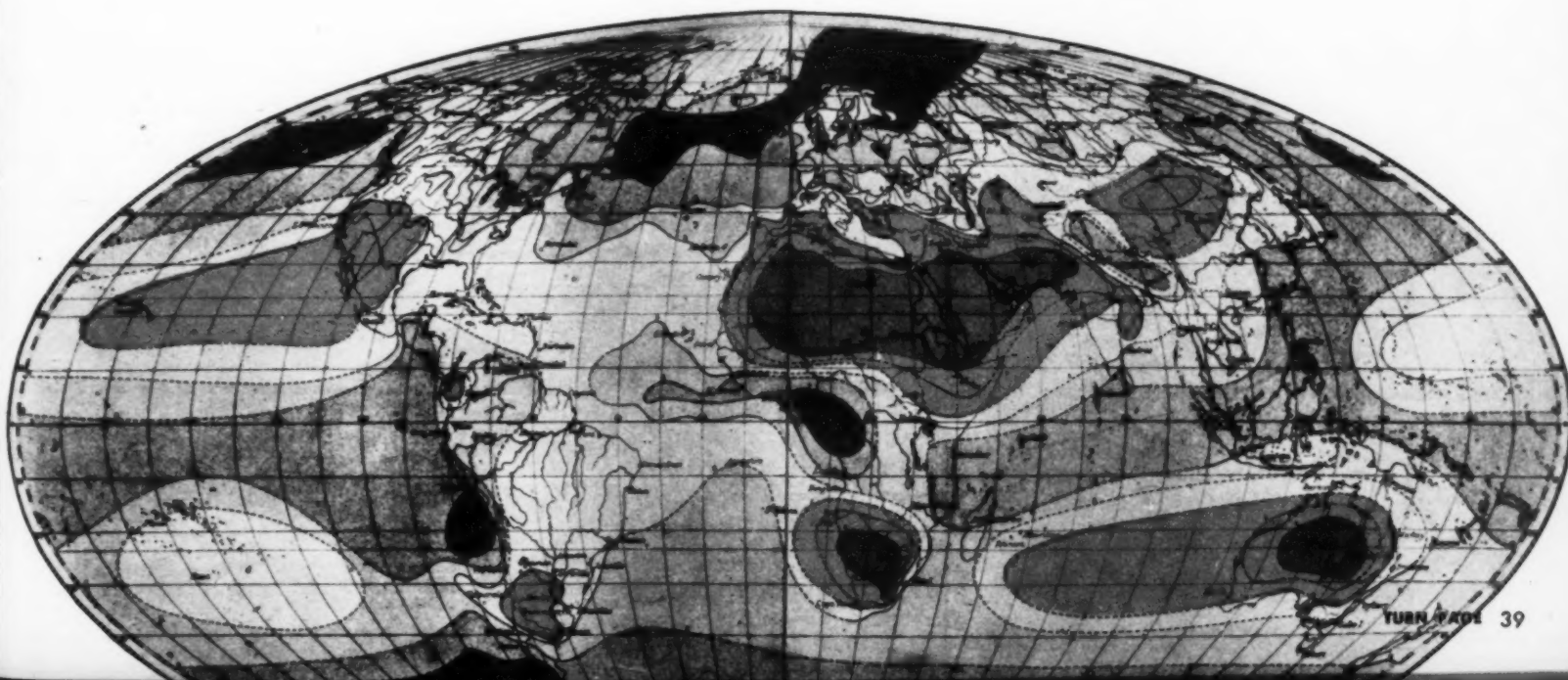
Throughout the war, meteorologists of the Navy

and Marine Corps worked hand in hand, forecasting weather before each of the initial attacks on all of the island campaigns. From Guadalcanal on through the entire Pacific war, prior to each amphibious attack, these weathermen supplied headquarters with data on the elements. They had to be extremely cautious because each operation was timed by their predictions. A miscalculation might have meant that an entire campaign would be lost. The lives of thousands of men depended on their efficiency.

As the Pacific war progressed, meteorologists, through constant study, became more and more weather-wise and with the invaluable assistance of

This world chart, similar to those used in air operations during the war, shows the average annual mean cloudiness. The blue indicates areas that have clouds less than half the time, and the gray denotes

sections clouded more than half the time throughout the year. The deeper the blue, the shorter the cloud time. The deeper the gray, the greater the cloud time. White areas are cloudy half the time.



THE WEATHER WAR (cont.)



**Although great advances have
been made, there remains
much to learn about weather
in the polar regions**

several war-developed meteorological tools, they overcame the weather handicap to a remarkable degree. Conditions that once would have precluded the possibility of an operation were now often sought as part of the plan.

The Japanese current threw up a curtain of fog and a canopy of stormy, low clouds over the Aleutian area. This heavy condensation was precipitated by the contact between moisture-laden air that had been warmed by the current and cold masses moving down from the Arctic ice cap. On Attu, defending Japs, themselves hidden by fog, fired on invading Americans when puffs of wind would blow clear spots in the mists. But in our initial landing there we moved in under cover of the fog, reached shore without discovery, and the advantage was ours.

The U. S. Third Fleet utilized the current in air attacks on Honshu. The fleet moved away from the current into warmer air to let aircraft take off and then moved back into the fog for concealment. After the raids it moved back into the clear area to take the planes aboard once again.

The development of weather reconnaissance squadrons was of vast importance to meteorologists in their attempts to forecast and plot the one most destructive and unpredictable of all natural phenomena in the Pacific—the typhoon. Before the war it had been believed that only six or seven typhoons raged through the Pacific in a year's time. During the war, however, it was proved that 33 could occur.

With our ships and men distributed throughout the Pacific, each typhoon became very significant.

Since the motion of this type of storm is usually irregular, weather reconnaissance squadrons were assigned the specialized duty of tracking them. When the beginning of a storm was reported, a plane from one of the squadrons would be sent into or near the calm center, or eye, of the storm to radio its position back to weather stations. As long as the plane remained there, the position of the storm could be determined. Later, radar was installed in ships, land-based weather stations and aircraft to aid in the plotting and tracking of typhoons.

THE application of radar to weather forecasting contributed greatly to the success of war meteorology. Since weather is determined by pressure systems guided by upper air currents, radar wind soundings, known as "rawins," were developed to aid in finding wind directions and velocities. The old method of studying the wind by releasing a helium-filled balloon and following its path by means of a surveyor's instrument called a theodolite, proved inefficient because in bad weather a low cloud cover could make optical tracking impossible. However, by attaching a reflector to these balloons, radar could track them under any conditions.

Approaching frontal systems could be observed from a distance of 150 miles when their cloud echos appeared on the plan-position-indicator (PPI scope) of air search radar. This visual check made it possible for meteorologists to follow a front. The nature of the echo returns permitted primary estimates of weather to be expected.

Meteorologists were able to forecast perfect weather

for the launching of the two atomic bombs on Japan. In order that airmen might take pictures of the full amount of damage, clear weather was essential in this operation.

Service weathermen remained on the job up to the day set for the signing of the peace terms. Actually, they predicted a typhoon for the first day scheduled and the event was postponed until two days later.

Marine Corps meteorologists who operated weather stations in combat zones did not lead easy lives. Flights over enemy territory were necessary in order to compile Pacific weather information. Of the 16 Marine Corps weathermen stationed on Okinawa, three were wounded and three were either killed or reported missing in action.

The war was responsible for the great advances made in meteorology during the last five years but study and research in this field has not stopped. There is still an urgent need of information on upper atmospheric conditions in this age of atomic bombs, guided missiles and rockets.

The two great remaining unknown areas, meteorologically, are the North and South Poles. This was most thoroughly demonstrated last winter by the freak shift of the weather in the northern hemisphere, bringing unprecedented and disastrous storms to balmy Britain and an unusually warm winter to eastern Canada. The only fortunate part of this phenomenon was that it occurred during peace rather than war.

The cap of cold polar air was at the bottom of it. Normally, the prevailing westerlies, sweeping from west to east across the Atlantic, have been warmed by the Gulf stream by the time they reach England's shores. But this year the polar air mass was much larger than usual, pushing the polar east winds down to a point below the British isles. The east winds swept in via Siberia and were of course not warmed by the Gulf Stream until they had passed over Britain.

The oversized cold air mass extended well down toward the equator on the other side of the globe, reaching as far south as Florida and missing only eastern Canada and New England.

The United States and Canada plan to maintain weather stations near the North Pole and soon much more will be known about the origins of winter in the northern hemisphere. Then the antarctic will be the only gap in the world picture. Its violent winds probably have a great deal to do with that picture, and until they can be studied, the whole story of weather, in war and peace, can not be known.

END



Typhoons played havoc with ships in the Pacific. High seas during a typhoon greatly damaged this plane and caused it to break from its

moorings. It nearly plunged over the side of the ship. Navy men are towing the plane back to safety where it will be secured once again

Celebrity Golf



Movie actor Edward Arnold gambles on the green — with his nose at stake. But General Ike Eisenhower was just kidding him, it was his favorite club and he didn't want to break it.

**Stealing
the show was
a matter
of course at
the tourney**

BING CROSBY was there in orange pants, a brown sweater and a yellow shirt. Tunney played golf with Dempsey. General Ike Eisenhower swung at a ball placed precariously on actor Edward Arnold's nose. And Senator Taft was matched up in a foursome with Baseball Commissioner Happy Chandler, Crosby and Hildegarde.

Sounds like something out of a caddy's dream but it actually happened when the National Celebrities Golf Tournament was staged recently on the sprawling 6500-yard Columbia Country Club course at Washington, D. C. In addition to the movie stars, military leaders and government officials, many expert golfers, including Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen and Bobby Cruickshank, were on hand to demonstrate their skill.

The purpose for all this: To raise funds for use in curbing juvenile delinquency. The brain-child of Attorney General Tom Clark, it became a reality through the efforts of Bus Ham, Washington sports writer.

For all the celebrities it was a matter of donating their time. For some of the more amateurish, it meant adding a little to the wear and tear on their nerves, too. But they did it gladly, and were rewarded by a sell-out crowd. More than 7500 paid \$10,000 to watch the matches.

It was the first of a planned series of similar philanthropic pill pastings. The entire take is being turned over to a national organization for the establishment of recreational centers.

PHOTOS BY
CORP. WM. MELLERUP
LEATHERNECK
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

CORP. DONALD EDMON

A. B. Chandler, Crosby, Taft and Hildegarde, at the mikes with Arch McDonald, were among the famous names which drew a \$10,000 gate



This foursome included General Omar Bradley, Gene Sarazen, Bing Crosby and Bobby Jones

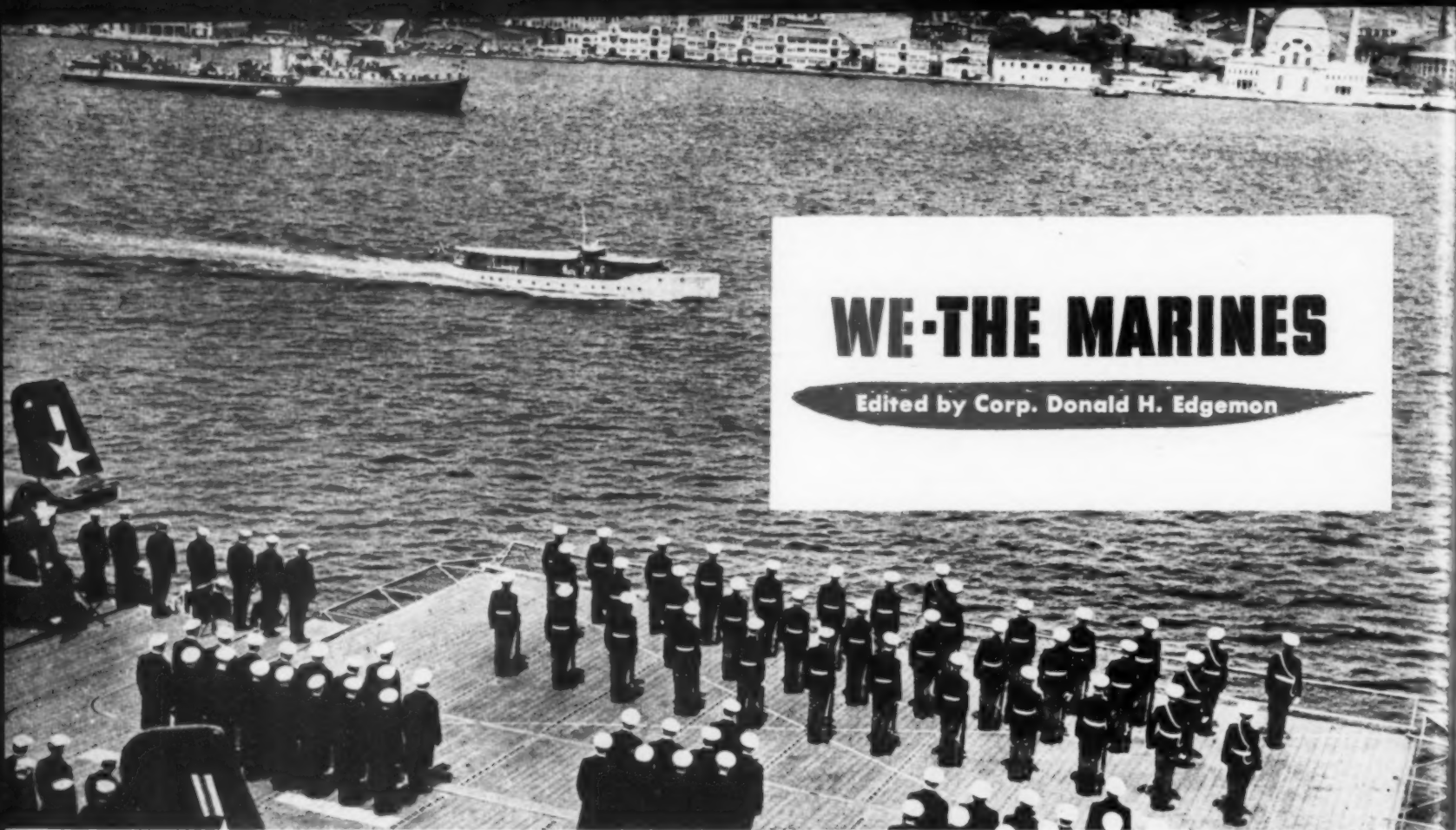


Babe Didrikson, America's outstanding woman athlete, signs for a few autograph seekers



What, no gloves? Dempsey and Tunney met again but this time they fought it out with clubs





WE-THE MARINES

Edited by Corp. Donald H. Edgemon

A Marine Corps honor guard and Navy men stationed aboard the carrier USS LEYTE pay tribute to President Ismet Inonu of Turkey as he passes

in review through the U.S. Fleet anchored in Istanbul Harbor. The occasion marked the president's first visit to Istanbul in two years

Taps at Peiping

Members of the Fifth Marine Regiment stationed at Peiping stood at attention as the American flag was lowered for the last time from its position over the Marine compound. Except during the occupation of North China by the Japanese, colors had been executed in much the same manner daily during the past 50 years. This time, however, there was a difference.

Old residents of Peiping, the American consul and members of his staff, newspapermen from several countries and many others paid tribute to the flag of freedom as it was lowered to the music of colors sounded by the bugles. There was a noticeably disheartened look about the civilians, for it meant a farewell to their friends—the United States Marines.

Some of the on-lookers had seen a sadder ceremony of this type in 1941, when the Japanese took over the old American compound.

"Then we knew that the Marines would be back," one of the civilians remarked. "And we were right. But now there will be no Marines to raise the flag each morning and lower it respectfully each night."

Houseboys and other employees, some of whom had worked for Marines for more than 30 years, were also on hand at the ceremony. They found it hard to realize that their scheme of life was being so abruptly changed.

From outside the gate, dozens of rickshaw and pedicab coolies sadly watched. They knew that their greatest source of income was preparing to leave Peiping.

The following morning, the Marine Barracks looked desolate. It had been turned over to the American Consulate to be added to its headquarters. Most of the men were enroute to Chinwangtao where they were to embark aboard ship for a new station. They were followed by Colonel Julian N. Frisbie, commanding officer, and his staff.

As Col. Frisbie and his staff were getting on their train, a visitor at the station summed up the sentiment of the people of Peiping:

"Peiping without Marines just won't be Peiping."

A Lolly for Pop

When Theresa Gmeiner of Philadelphia, Pa., learned that her school would hold a contest for the student's most handsome beaux, she had a brainstorm. And, a teen-ager's brainstorm can sometimes

be very embarrassing to all parties concerned.

Theresa entered the photograph of a handsome Marine, and, much to her consternation, it won second prize. When she had recovered, somewhat, from the first shock, judges asked the name of her entry. She was stumped.



It seems that Theresa's best beau was her father Sergeant Ambrose Gmeiner, now a member of the Philadelphia Police Department. The picture had been taken during World War I and he didn't know that it had been entered.

But, as the old saying has it, "to the victor belongs the spoils." He was forced to take the prize — four lollipops done up in pretty lace. Explanations were in order that day at the police station.

It Ain't Pipedreams

Ex-Marine Darius L'Abbe, Portland, Me., had been worried about inflation in this country. And worst of all — he hadn't seen anything in his city that resembled the "Newburyport Plan." So he started his own personal war against rising prices.

L'Abbe made his first counterattack by placing a sign in his cigar store which read:

"What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar — here it is."

The Scoop

Marine Captain Gerard T. Armitage, Officer in Charge, District Headquarters Recruiting Station, Jacksonville, Fla., has found the perfect journalistic scoop. This choice morsel, published in a Jacksonville tourist folder, reads:

"Pleasure is always on parade at Jacksonville

— Florida's gay fun — and sunshine. Here you'll thrill to the martial stir of a city bustling with national defense activities — with sailors, Marines and officers from the U. S. Naval Air Station right at the city limits — with men from huge Camp Blanding just 30 miles away. Here you'll be swept joyously along by the bright and busy attractions of Florida's largest city —"

"That," says Capt. Armitage, "is the first instance I can remember when Marines was correctly spelled with a capital 'M,' sailors with a small 's' and the Army referred to as a group of men from a camp 30 miles away."

Dad's Deeds

The Marine Corps Fathers' Association, Inc., of New York City, recently sent notices to each of its 250 members announcing an important meeting and urging each man to attend. To most of the members, the reason for this meeting was unknown, but to 60 Marine fathers it meant that they had reached a decision.

After the meeting had been called to order, a spokesman for the 60 fathers announced that each of these men had pledged their eyes, after death, to the Eye Bank of New York to restore sight to blind persons. They made no distinction regarding the recipients of their eyes. The donors said that anyone designated by the eye bank would be acceptable.

The enthusiasm of the other 190 fathers brought about by this decision was so great that they, too, agreed to will their eyes to the bank.

Eventually 250 persons will have their sight restored because of the kindness of these Marine fathers.

And Points East

Few Marines get to Shanghai today, and those who do are there for a very short while. Some come in on liberty from Okinawa while others stop over on their way to Guam from Tsingtao. Among them will be an occasional Marine who saw service in Shanghai before the war. These men are always disappointed. The old city isn't the fabulous place they left. Nothing is the same. Even Ma Fat Sin, the old beggar woman outside Jimmie's Kitchen on Nanking Road, has changed.

These "hashmarked" men remember Ma when

A platoon of hashmarked Marines, part of the complement at the Depot of Supplies, Norfolk, Va., stand an inspection in new blues. Some of these men first wore blues in World War I



she was known as a professional "moocher." Her place of business was just outside the famous Kitchen. Jimmie, the proprietor, was an American and he catered to American Marines, sailors and soldiers. Ma knew that these servicemen were a soft touch.

But during the early Thirties, when times were tough, Ma noticed a tremendous decline in business. How could she jar the "griffins" (Chinese term for yokels) out of a little "moola?" For weeks she pondered this serious question.

Later, in a state of desperation, Ma acquired a two-year-old Chinese baby and for days worked at training it to scream and sob at the sight of a serviceman. This was to soften their capitalistic hearts. But Ma's training lacked something. Instead of screaming, the baby learned to smile at Marines, smirk at sailors and laugh at the occasional soldier. So Ma procured a long, sharp needle. The response was terrific.

Business shot sky high and the old gal was on her way toward making a fortune when, one day, a Chinese policeman discovered the ruse and hauled her off to the nearest hoosegow.

Today, many years later, Ma Fat Sin can be seen earning a living at the same old stand — but without a baby or the needle. Now she sells a complete

line of black market fountain pens for the mere price of 10,000 Chinese dollars each.

Old Corps men who see Ma today, as an up-and-coming business woman, will admit that despite her senility, she still knows her stuff.

Her fountain pen slogan is: "Of course they write under water!"

Operation Canine

Marines stationed at Quantico, Va., were disturbed recently when the base fire engine made practice runs without PFC Jiggs V, the official

Marine Corps mascot. Previously, Jiggs had perched himself on the front seat next to the driver when the truck left the fire house.

The worried men learned, through the medium of their base newspaper, *The Sentry*, that Jiggs had been taken to an Alexandria, Va., veterinarian hospital. He was suffering from an abscess on his right hind leg. An immediate operation was performed and the abscess was successfully removed.

Men at Quantico are at ease about fires once again. The front seat of their fire engine is carrying its familiar passenger. Jiggs rides again.

TURN PAGE





Marine Lieutenant Colonel Walter R. Walsh, an nationally famous rifle and pistol expert, appeared as a guest on the "Joe Hasel Presents" sport show in New York. A former FBI agent, he was selected on five All-American pistol teams

Three of a Kind

"Capital Airlines flight 419 leaving in five minutes," boomed the public address system recently at National Airport, Washington, D. C. Passengers moved swiftly out of the dimly-lit waiting room and on to the field to board their plane.

Miss Peg Gale, the plane's stewardess, greeted each passenger at the gang plank, logged them in and introduced each to the pilot and co-pilot, Captain Owen C. Boss and Pete Snyder.

As the plane took off for the long trip to Chicago, one skeptical woman asked the stewardess how much flight training Boss and Snyder had received. The woman was greatly relieved when Miss Gale proudly revealed the fact that both men had served during the last war as Marine Corps pilots.

There is little wonder that Miss Gale was proud. She, too, was a Marine—a discharged woman reservist.

Pavuvu Nocturne

Since the last war many mysterious tales have come out of the Pacific islands. One of the weirdest of these accounts found its origin on Pavuvu Island in the Russell's group.

Marines of the First Division, stationed there during the summer of 1944, called it "the island the Good Lord forgot." And not without good reason. The continual rain and sweltering heat were almost unbearable, but these seemed to be minor plagues when compared to an elusive creature which stalked at night.

One morning the skipper, a somewhat skeptical individual, received a visit from two of his men. They had complaints—someone or something had attempted to strangle them during the night.

"Who ever heard of two big Marines complaining of something as silly as this?" he scoffed. "Get back to your tents and stay away from the raisin jack or bug juice or whatever else you knotheads have been belting at."

That same night the "thing" went on the prowl again. One of its victims said it was an animal; another said it was a wild man, and a third insisted that it was a savage, jungle tree-hanger. A few of the ever-present sea lawyers, however, maintained that it was a new form of psycho-warfare. By this time the creature had been named "Charlie the Choker."

In the days that followed, the skipper lost some of his skepticism. Each morning brought a series of new complaints and he was almost convinced. But when "Charlie" attempted to interrupt his breathing, no further persuasion was necessary.

The deep scratches around his throat gave evi-

dence of his nocturnal struggle and brought forth some vehement orders.

"Now I'm certain something's loose around here," he said. "Double the guard and if there are any stragglers, shoot to kill."

These precautions, however, did not deter the prowler and he continued his sack-time visitations. Although he was fired at several times, he managed to escape on these occasions by means of his deft movements which made even description impossible.



The entire First Division evacuated Pavuvu in 1945 leaving "Charlie" behind. Perhaps even now he is stalking the jungle in a vain search for Marine victims and relishing the memory of all the disturbances he caused. But whether man or beast, this strangler of the night who defied grenades, machine guns, pistols, and clubs, may still revel in the knowledge that his mystery remains unsolved.

Division History

The Sixth Marine Division Memorial History, which has been compiled within the past several months, will be ready for distribution in the early part of September, according to the division's history board in Washington, D. C.

All former members of the division, and the next of kin of those members who were killed in action, will receive a gratuitous copy.

The history, which contains 100,000 words of text and 300 half-tone battle photographs, was edited by Fletcher Pratt, well known war correspondent and military historian. The original text was prepared by the officers and men of the division, and is high-lighted throughout by combat anecdotes told by individuals who made up the division.

All former members of the division who have not received a return address card from the division's history board are urged to communicate with Lieutenant Bevan G. Cass, Room 2119, Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington 25, D. C. In order that they may receive the gratuitous copy to which

they are entitled, former members should include their present address and the unit to which they were attached while serving with the division.

Texas City

Millions of people throughout the United States shuddered as they read headlines of the Texas City disaster. Hundreds of people had died and many more were injured in a blast described as the worst in the history of this country. Among those organized to aid the citizens of that fire-devastated city were 25 Marines, members of the 15th Infantry Battalion, Marine Corps Reserve. Organized hurriedly in Galveston to assist in performing guard duty, they helped relatives locate and identify the dead members of their families and assisted in tabulating the number of casualties.

Marine First Lieutenant Daniel R. Kingsley gave an eye-witness description of the blasted area after flying over Texas City immediately following the first explosion. He had returned after having ferried a plane from Corpus Christi, Tex., to Glynco, Ga.

"Holes left by the burned-out oil and gas tanks were similar to the bomb craters left in Japan," Lieut. Kingsley observed. He reported that smoke from the fires obscured Shreveport, La., from air view. Even more appalling was his sighting smoke at 10,000 feet that extended as far west as El Paso, Tex., 800 miles from the scene of the tragedy.

In Appreciation

In November, 1946, a former Marine, Henry C. Stephan, Washington, D. C., realized he was going blind from cataracts which covered his eyes. Rear Admiral Clifford A. Swanson, a Navy surgeon who now is the Surgeon General of the Navy, was a friend of his and the one man Stephan could turn to for help. The admiral told him an immediate operation was necessary to restore his sight. Several days later a successful operation was performed.

After the operation, Stephan felt he owed his recovered sight to the surgeon general and wanted to repay him in some way. Money was not the appropriate compensation, so Stephan, a former principal musician with the Marine Corps band, put his talents to work and composed a band march. He hoped his music would honor not only this doctor, but all members of the Naval Medical Corps who had done so much to restore health to many thousands, both afloat and ashore, in peace and war.

The composition, titled "Surgeon General, U. S. Navy," was recently played over radio station WPIK, Alexandria, Va. Following the broadcast, Stephan personally presented Adm. Swanson with the original band manuscript and a recording of the broadcast.

Time to Retire?

An Old Corps master-sergeant stationed in Peiping, China, had patiently been trying to get accustomed to the present-day New Corps. Peacetime change sheet entries had often left him bewildered, but the following item was almost more than he could take.

"Injuries:
"QUIGLEY, 600651, Harry J., PFC, (275) Hq. Co., rec'd wound on 7Apr47. Sustained 1/2 inch laceration 2nd finger left hand. Injured hand while opening a can of Toddy. In line of duty. Not misconduct. Treated and returned to duty on 7Apr47."

The sergeant approved the entry and shook his head sadly.

"While opening a can of Toddy. In line of duty," he muttered.

END

Old Gold cures just one thing: The World's Best Tobacco!

Don't look for any medical property in Old Gold. *Our* only property is the choicest tobacco grown.

And do we treat this leaf with loving care! Nearly two hundred years of tobacco know-how . . . and every quality safeguard . . . combine to give you pleasure unlimited and nothing else.

Do you crave that kind of smoke? Are you on the alert for rich, mellow tobaccos at the positive peak of perfection? Then light up an Old Gold, chum—for Pleasure with a capital P!

Made by *Lorillard,*
a famous name in tobacco for nearly 200 years



For a TREAT
instead of a TREATMENT
... try an Old Gold

Worms Who Turned



Shake with Grimfangle R. Blooch. Practically smile-less. Nobody loved him. A pity. Spotted "pink" on his tooth brush one morning and lit out for the dentist.

Good for Grimfangle. Found that today's soft foods were cheating his gums of exercise. Which simply called for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Look at Grimfangle gleam! Today he is a man among women. What a smile! And is that the secret of his popularity? Yes — unless you count the two million bucks his uncle left him.

In case you have no uncle, here's a tip on the smile: The sound, bright

teeth that make an attractive smile depend largely on healthy gums. And Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to help gums as well as clean teeth thoroughly. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your gums. Worth millions, friend.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Ipana and Massage

Sound Off

by Sgt. Vernon Langille

Sirs:

After reading the March *Leatherneck*, I could not resist offering my understanding of the word "Kamishaw."

It all started back when the Navy first went to China in large numbers. The sailors were lined up along the rails yelling to the Chinese that they were "coming ashore." The sailors gave donations freely when they hit port, and after a time, the Chinese started repeating their phrase. Coming ashore became Kamishaw.

About the best Kamishaw beggar I ever heard was a little kid not more than eight years old. He used to yell "No mama, no papa; no flight pay, no seabag; no overseas pay, no longevity." When he came out with that longevity stuff, I just couldn't resist giving him a couple hundred.

I know this isn't the best Kamishaw "song and dance." There are numerous others. How about the China cobblers sending a few to Sound Off?

Corporal Robert Bronski
Quantico, Va.

Sirs:

You should have a deluge of letters by now explaining the word Kamishaw. Here's another one.

While herding a milk train out of Chinwangtao, I asked a Russian the meaning of the word. Here's his answer: It is a Russian word brought into China by traders meaning give me some of your commission.

Hats off to Sound Off.

Robert A. Stokely
Ames, Ia.

REUNION

Sirs:

All men who served in the Communication Platoon, Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, Twenty-third Marines, Fourth Marine Division, who are interested in a reunion of the outfit please get in touch with C. W. Koehl, 116 Bauman Avenue, Pittsburgh 27, Pa., or J. J. McNamee, Jr., 725 2nd Avenue North, Columbus, Miss.



A CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Sirs:

Please change the address of former Master Gunnery Sergeant Leland "Lou" Diamond from Route 3, Box 446, Toledo, Ohio., to 5864 Fryer Ave., Toledo 7, Ohio. Uncle Sam changed it some time ago. I guess he wanted us to feel that we lived in a city.

Lou is in the best of health, and taking life easy; something which he and a lot of other old-timers earned and deserve. We enjoy reading *The Leatherneck* and go through it several times before the next issue comes along.

Irvine Diamond
Toledo 7, Ohio.

DON'T SHOW THE TROOPS

Sirs:

Could you please settle an argument between a couple of us guard company boys? It concerns the correct place to wear the Army Presidential Unit Citation. Some of us say it's on the left with the rest of your ribbons and some say to wear it on the same side as the doggies. We'd greatly appreciate some official dope on the matter.

We'd also like you to stop printing all this proper-gander about "beautiful Hawaii." If you must print stuff like that please confine your subscriptions to the States. Maybe you can snow someone into relieving us. About the sun, the only intelligent people over here are the swabbies. They wear blues.

We will be going back home in a few months and we are wondering whether we'd be issued the new greens or will short-timers be allowed to wear the old uniform? Also, what's the scoop on no more overcoats? If that is true, the man who put out that order has never been to Connecticut in the winter.

That's about all for now but a letter will follow soon as it doesn't take long for beefs to accumulate around this place. Maybe I should have waited until after chow as that place where we eat isn't a mess hall. It's a gripe palace.

Ah, yes. Tomaine Tavern is the place to hear the boys beat their gums.

PFC James A. Ryan
FPO, San Francisco.

● **Army personnel wear the Distinguished Service Badge on the right — Marines wear it with their other decorations in its proper place on the left breast. In formal dress formations where medals are worn instead of ribbons, the Navy Presidential Unit Citation and the Army Distinguished Service Badge are worn separately on the right breast. — Ed.**

BOOT CAMP LEAVE DEDUCTED

Sirs:

A question has arisen as to whether or not boot leave is subtracted from the annual 30-day leave.

At the time of the Marine Corps' recruiting campaign, prior to September 1, we were told that upon completion of the prescribed boot training, we rated a 10-day leave. Recruiting stations also explained that this leave applied to only those sworn in before September.

Having enlisted in August, I have finished boot training and was given my leave. I would like to know now if I have 30 days or only 20 days due me. An answer in Sound Off will benefit myself and many other new Marines.

Pvt. Patrick Greeley
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● **All leave except convalescent and sick leave is automatically deducted from annual leave credit. — Ed.**

SAMURAI SWORD CHARACTERS

Sirs:

I'd like to make a correction in Mr. Ward's article, "It May Be A Masamune," printed on page 24 of the April *Leatherneck*. The characters for the Japanese names "Sadamune" and "Masamune" were printed, but unfortunately, they were printed upside-down. Many proud owners of a "gunto" may be wondering who made their swords, not recognizing these characters in their reversed positions. Of course, if the sword is held upside-down, everything would come out fine.

Incidentally, I've been reading the *Leatherneck* ever since I joined the Corps in 1944 and never once have I seen or heard of an article about the Japanese interpreters and translators who were trained by the Corps at the schools at San Diego, New River and the Officers School at Boulder. I was one of these men, doing duty with the Third Corps, Sixth Division and Second Division in China and Japan. Naturally I would like to see some credit given for the work we did in all operations from the Canal to Okinawa. How about it?

Here are the correct ways of writing Sadamune and Masamune, with an alternative way of writing Masamune:

Joseph H. Adams
129 Christopher St.
Montclair, N. J.

SADAMUNE MASAMUNE

貞宗 正宗

● *Leatherneck* has carried fiction in which Japanese interpreters have figured, and picture stories in which their training and work in the field was portrayed. It is true that we have never carried a comprehensive article on these highly specialized troops. Maybe something can be done about it. — Ed.

BOOKS ABOUT MC DIVISIONS

I am an ex-Marine and have enjoyed reading *Leatherneck* since first entering the Corps in 1940.

A neighbor of mine who was in the Fourth Marine Division received a cloth bound book called "The Fourth Marine Division In World War II," edited by Carl W. Proehl and copyrighted by the Infantry Journal Inc. I would like to know if the First also has a book?

Upon looking through the volume, I have come to the conclusion that it is one of the best GI issues the Corps has ever put out.

Eugene E. Ecremen
Philadelphia, Pa.

● *The Infantry Journal* has completed its book on the Fourth Marine Division, 25,000 copies of which have been mailed and several thousand more to come. Histories of the First, Third and Sixth Marine Divisions are coming up. Books about the Second and Fifth Divisions are indefinite. — Ed.

TELLING OFF A PEON

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the March *Leatherneck* and a certain letter printed in Sound Off got me hot under the collar.

Who is this "future civilian" in China that doesn't want his name printed because he is just a "peon," while his buddies are making corporal and sergeant? I too have seen how the Corps is handing out rates. I even saw one Marine make corporal with only seven months service. I myself have 14 months in and I'm proud of every day of it. It may be hard for our friend to believe but I'm only a PFC. Many of the fellows who came into the Corps with me have been promoted to corporal. I don't begrudge their promotions because I feel they worked for them.

Somewhere along the line, no doubt, someone has picked up a rate that he didn't deserve. Others have deserved them and never got them. No outfit is perfect. Maybe this disgruntled "future civilian" had better get out of the Marines. If he can't take it he can always enlist in the Army. They make rates plenty fast there. Incidentally, I'd like to know how much time this "future civilian" has in the Corps, what his rate is now and what are his reasons for thinking he rates more?

I'll sign my name!!!

PFC John D. Wiley
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

MARINE RECRUITING POSTER

Sirs:

If my memory serves me correctly, the Marine sergeant shown in the recruiting ad on the reverse of your cover page for the March issue answers to the name of Denny. The face is familiar, as I served at Parris Island, S. C., with him in 1942, '43 and '44. He was a master technical sergeant at the time. What is the scoop? Was he so foolish as to take a discharge and stay out too long? If so, he should read the recruiting posters more carefully.

If my guess is correct, Tracy from R Dep. pay office says hello along with Quartermaster Sergeant Key.

Master Sergeant
Frank L. Tracy
Portsmouth, Va.

Sirs:

Opposite page 1 (back of front cover) March *Leatherneck*, the Dollar Wise Marine in the recruiting advertisement is none other than ex-Marine Ernest C. Thomas—or maybe his twin brother.

Could you tell me who this Marine is and where *Leatherneck* obtained the photo?

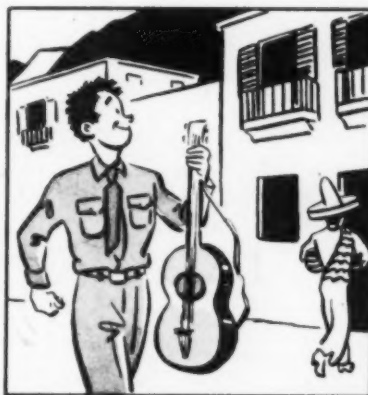
If it is Thomas, *Leatherneck* is going to have some tall explaining to do. I personally think that the photo is a phony and your magazine is doing ex-Marine Thomas a great injustice.

Robert C. Lemcke
Saginaw, Mich.

● *The Marine in the recruiting ad referred to is Master Sergeant Paul E. Denny. He is very much in the Marine Corps, currently doing duty in the Division of Reserve, Headquarters, USMC. Denny was a master sergeant at the time the photograph was taken but wore a sergeant's blouse for the purpose of modeling that particular ad.* — Ed.

(continued on page 56)

Pfc. Casanova—



DO GIRLS bother you... enough? A handsome head of hair will have you fighting off females. Which is good duty. Step #1 toward handsome hair, of course, is the famous Vitalis "60-Second Workout." Also good duty.

Take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your dry, tight scalp. This routs loose dandruff, prevents dryness, helps retard excessive falling hair.

Next, 10 seconds to comb. Aah. You are now gazing at the handsomest, most vital-looking hair you've ever had. All set to stay in place, too.

Start your "60-Second Workouts" today. Ask for Vitalis. At any Post Exchange.



Product of Bristol-Myers

USE THE VITALIS "60-SECOND WORKOUT"



american bowling congress

San Diego Marines
did very well but
were no match for
the United States'
best pin smashers



by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Sgt. Frank Few
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

THE American Bowling League Congress, world's largest single sporting event, wound up 48 days of a successful voyage through the Straits of Strikes and Spares recently at Los Angeles without setting many records. More than 18,000 keggers competed for \$275,000 in prize money.

This was the first time in the history of the annual springtime event that the meet was held west of the Mississippi. It wasn't just an accident that brought the A.B.C. to Los Angeles this year. Nor was it a recognition of vying interests between the east and west. It was the result rather, of the concerted efforts of several groups, led by famed film comedian and topflight bowler, Harold Lloyd. In 1944, L. A. was picked for the 1947 tournament and early this year Lloyd, the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce, and various local bowling interests began setting up arrangements for this, the acme of pin-toppling activity.

The biggest difficulty was in finding a place to house the huge affair. Los Angeles does not have the sort of large indoor sports arena that New York has in its Madison Square Garden. It was finally decided to use the National Guard's Fortieth Division Armory in beautiful Exposition Park. Soon the beat of workmen's hammers was fashioning 36 spanking new alleys. A \$6000 scoreboard was completed, and arrangements to seat huge crowds of bowling enthusiasts finished. Late in March the affair got underway with California's Governor Earl Warren tossing the first ball down the glistening maplewood.

Whether you are a kegger, or a kibitzer who doesn't know the south end of a bowling ball from the north, you would have gotten a big kick out of the giant tournament. The carnival-like atmosphere aided in making the A.B.C. different from any other sporting event. Decorations were put up in typical gaudy California style. Over the alleys hung an immense sombrero and guitar. The Southern California greeting, "Saludos Amigos" welcomed the bowlers and the 70,000 fans who attended the week-long event.

A bowling audience is different from any other type of sports crowd. On one end of the arena cheers and huzzahs come from a small section of the spectators as their favorite knocks the pins helter-skelter for a strike. At another point a section of fans hold their breath in dismay, suppressing a groan as their idol throws a 7-10 split, or, as sometimes happened under the stress of the moment, guttered the ball. Between games large sections of the crowd wandered out into the lobby to get a quick drink or a hot dog while waiting for another favorite to take his turn on one of the alleys. There was no such thing as holding a permanent seat. People shifted from alley to alley pursuing the fortunes of this or that favorite.

The 36 alleys went full blast almost continuously from noon until midnight throughout the meet. There was no lack of action. And just to make it more interesting and understandable for all concerned, the tremendous two-story illuminated scoreboard above the alleys made it possible for the fans to follow from frame to frame the progress of every game being bowled.

All day long and far into the night there was the continual sound of balls thudding down the maplewood and plowing through ten pins with a rattling crash. One would think the din would be terrific. It wasn't. Soundproofing kept the noise down to a comfortable pitch.

The public didn't get in on one of the most interesting parts of the show. Down in the dungeon-like "paddock" underneath the alleys, each shift of bowlers reported 45 minutes before being scheduled to take their turn on the alleys, and had their bowling balls weighed. An uninformed visitor might swear it was the anteroom for a death chamber or perhaps the lounge for expectant fathers. It was full of gents who nervously paced back and forth, cracking their knuckles, or remained slumped over in chairs with sweat trickling down their drawn faces. In practically every tournament some of these waiting keggers faint, or lose their dinners.

Bowling for fun in leagues or in routine tournaments is one thing; bowling in the A.B.C. is like playing football in the Rose Bowl. The brand new alleys with a jammed gallery of cheering or moaning spectators behind them may have something to do with it, but it's "A.B.C. nerves" which cut most contestant's scores to totals they are ashamed of for the rest of their lives. There is a very strictly

enforced rule that contestants may neither drink nor smoke while they are competing. This is an added handicap because your average kegger is a convivial soul who likes to inhale and sip between frames. This double prohibition doesn't help nervous conditions.

Bowlers competing in the A.B.C. are particularly handicapped. They are allowed only one warm-up throw before they start actual play. This means that each contestant goes into the event cold. In the singles, each man is limited to three games, and in so brief a test has no chance to study the alleys, get the feel of the wood, and gauge the bounce of the floor, all of which is deemed so necessary by veterans of the game. The handicap applies equally to all the contestants, however, and therein lies its only consolation.

The pin boys at work was another interesting sight that the average fan saw little of. During the course of the tourney these hardy chaps lifted approximately 69,000 pounds of pins and balls. A good boy worked from 150 to 200 games a day. A really good



Jo Etien, editor of *Bowling Review*, and pretty Barbara Pittman help Harold Lloyd



A National Guard armory was transformed into this huge establishment for bowling

whirling dervish made up to \$20 per day. But the money wasn't the only attraction for pinboys who flocked to the tournament from all over the country. There seems to be a certain fascination to working an A.B.C. Before the war there was a London boy who came to the country every year by steerage, and then bummed to whatever city the tourney was being held in—just to "set 'em up."

If there is such a thing as a universal sport, for participants, it is bowling. Men, women and children of all ages and sizes can compete in and thoroughly enjoy the ancient sport. Even the physically handicapped aren't barred. One of the most remarkable and inspirational displays in the 1947 A.B.C. was given the night a team of five blind bowlers competed. The only help they had was the use of a rail, by which each man was able to guide himself to the foul line. Representing Blind Activities and

than 170 per man. Those who score high in this class may earn some of the open division money, in addition to the prize cash they win in their own class. This happened last year at Buffalo, when boosters John Gworek and Henry Kmiodowski won the doubles championship.

That's what makes bowling such an interesting and popular sport. It's a game for everyone and some unknown can, and occasionally does, win a world championship. All of bowling's big names—Leo Rollick, Ned Day, Buddy Bomar, Andy Varipapa, Nelson Burton, Joe Wilman and Hank Marino—competed at Los Angeles, but none of them took first prize money.

Keglers in the regular class compete in four events—teams, doubles, singles and all-events. The last named category consists of the individual's total score, piled up by his rolling in team, doubles and

in the third frame. The runner-up was Fred Breckle of Detroit who posted a neat 738.

McMahon's efforts in coping the singles crown boomed him into the all-events title as well. He hit a 576 in team flinging, and 649 in the doubles, for a 1965 score. This put him way out in front of Hank Lauman, who grabbed runner-up honors with 1944. McMahon also set an A.B.C. record when he took home \$1557.50 in prize money.

A familiar contestant in almost every A.B.C. tournament is Andy Varipapa, self-styled "world's greatest bowler." Despite a slight limp, he has rolled more perfect (300) games, 68 in all, than anyone else known. He is a trick bowler, who can and does deliver with either hand, with both at the same time, or with his foot. However, in his 16 previous tries in the A.B.C. he had never won. This year was no exception. The 53-year-old Brooklynite again flunked his A.B.C.'s. Varipapa's single's score was 715, which placed him sixth. In doubles competition he and his partner Graz Castellano scored 1271, which placed them 11th.

Varipapa, who earns \$25,000 a year with his exhibition bowling, movie shorts and lectures, says that it is the approach that is the most important thing in bowling. According to him the bowler should take four even steps, with no sudden stop when the ball is released; the arm should swing up as if the bowler were throwing it up to shake hands with someone; and the eyes should not be on the pins but on a point at the foul line where the ball will first touch. Varipapa is an exception to his own rule. He takes five steps in the approach.

The tournament has a jinx that never has been broken. Neither team nor individual has ever successfully defended its title in the classic's 44-year history. A team led by Leo Rollick from Santa Monica, California, won the 1946 team championship with 3023. Rollick had gone on to win the singles title, with a 737, and had bowled a perfect game in doubles competition.

It was one of the most sizzling exhibitions ever turned in during any A.B.C., so when the Leo-Da-Mar, as the team is called, was scheduled to take the alleys at Exposition Park, a huge throng was on hand to see if the locals could break the jinx. Although they turned in a 2867, which represented the best effort a defending team champion had ever made, they failed to place among the big ten. Rollick was unable to place in the money in any of the other events.

Another aggregation that created a great deal of interest and speculation among the fans was the famed Herman Undertakers of St. Louis. This aggregation holds the world's team record, a stupendous 3797 total, made in St. Louis in January, 1937. Bowling early in the tournament, the Mortuary-men turned in a nice 2992, which gave them third place, but failed to break any records.

Although hundreds of games were bowled during the tournament, no perfect scores were made. Several of the keggers came close to entering the bowling Hall of Fame. On Easter Day, two glory-seeking individuals, Henry Peterson of Tucson, Ariz., and George Palubiak of Chicago, came within a whisker of getting 300 each. Peterson fell short by just two pins and chalked up a 290, while the Chicagoan collected 288.

In an event as large as the A.B.C. it was natural that San Diego Marines should want in. A Marine Corps Base quintet, captained by Warrant Officer Paul Jouett, rolled in the Booster division. Although they didn't set any new marks with their pin smashing, the Marines nevertheless turned in a very satisfactory performance. Besides Jouett, the team was composed of Master Sergeant Garland Respass, Major Thea Smith, Warrant Officer Raymond Gregg, Master Sergeant Harry Gayer, and Technical Sergeant Stephen Jacobs, an alternate. They toppled the timbers for a 2583, which gave them second place among the Boosters on the night they bowled.

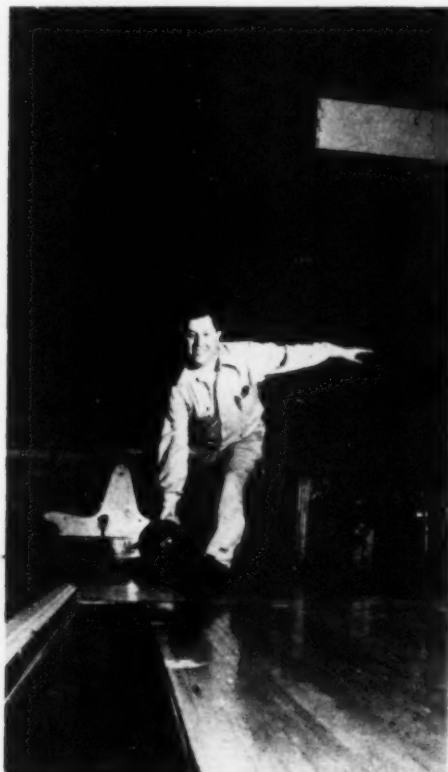
In the singles event Jacobs put together games of 163, 202 and 203 for a 568 series, the high score among his teammates. He and Respass made the best doubles score, with a nice 1077.

Although the A.B.C. is restricted to male bowlers, female keggers came into their own on the 48th night—a Southern California sweepstakes which served as an anti-climax to the tournament. That night, curvacious Mary Lou Harris topped all the wood cuffers, including her brawny masculine rivals, with a 659 series. She racked up so many scoreboard X's (for strikes) in her games of 220, 234 and 205, that her marking looked like a very complicated algebra problem. She demonstrated once and for all that good keggers aren't limited to the male sex. Not necessarily.

END



The kegling Marines are, left to right: Jouett, Respass, Jacobs, Gregg, Gayer



Master Sergeant Respass lets one go. The Marines rolled a sparkling 2583 aggregate

Recreation, Inc., the team chalked up a very creditable 1661 total.

Bowling goes back to antiquity. The first bowling balls were human skulls, and the first pins were three sheep shanks stuck up on the edge of a prehistoric woodland glade. Basically the sport has remained the same throughout history, except as new generations developed more skill in knocking down the pesky pins. The cleverer they got the greater the number of pins. In the early American days, when the game was still called "Nine Pins," it was barred in this country by the old Pilgrim fathers. American ingenuity easily solved that problem. Another pin was added, and the old sport became thoroughly Americanized as "ten pins."

Today, bowling has become big business. Millions of Americans daily shatter the timbers in alleys in nearly every city and village in the country. Bowling proprietors predict American fanatics will spend in the neighborhood of \$9,000,000 this year on the game. It was only natural that a sport as popular as this should have some sort of a national tournament, where the leading pin topplers from all over the nation could compete against each other. The A.B.C. held its first tournament in Chicago in 1901. This "World Series" of bowling has been an annual event since then, with the exception of a three-year war blackout.

Bowling is different from most sports in that there are no amateurs or professionals in the accepted sense of the word. In A.B.C. competition every man is out for the prestige and dough. Competitors are divided into the regular division and the booster class. Boosters are teams whose average score is not more than 850, which means an average of less

singles competition. Although there were no records, some very excellent scores were posted.

The first place in the team competition went to a Cleveland quintet calling themselves Eddie and Earl's. Hotter than a smoking pistol, they registered a bubbling 3032 series on the 32nd day of play. Fred Drury, a 42-year-old veteran of many A.B.C. tourneys, shot individual games of 288, 233, and 205 for the top one-man effort. But it was Anchor-man Ted Miller, a bank teller, who held the attention of the rooting section. After having posted games of 197 and 176, Ted's final session would place the balance of fame or failure in the palm of his right hand. His final game was a neat 200, which put Eddie and Earl's nine points out in front of New York's Brunswick Mineralites, the second place winners.

A St. Louis pair, Eddie Doerr, Jr., and his brother-in-law, Len Springmeyer, scattered pins all over the alley to cop the top spot in doubles play with a 1356 total. Doerr was a bridegroom of ten days, and came to the A.B.C. on his honeymoon. He spanked the sticks for 216, 242, 249, or a 707 series. His partner clicked off games of 221, 204, 224, for a total of 649. In garnering first place, the combination beat out another St. Louis pair, Frank Mataya and Hank Lauman, who rolled a combined 1322.

On the 42nd day of the tournament the fans went wild. Competing that afternoon was a big, strapping, blue-eyed fellow from Chicago named Junie McMahon. He dazzled the crowd with an uncanny exhibition of strikes, posting scores of 247, 248 and 245 for a 740 series and first place in the singles competition. In his second game, the sharpshooting McMahon rolled 10 strikes coming after a 4-6 split

BULLETIN BOARD

ARMS AND THE MAN

Personnel at posts and stations in doubt about what arms they will fire for the purpose of qualification and requalification can take off their packs and stand at ease. AlMar No. 33 states that all personnel at all posts and stations are considered to be armed for purposes of qualification and requalification firing for extra compensation as follows: first three pay grades, the Carbine; 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th pay grades, the service rifle.

FMF units and those ship's detachments having T/O's in which weapons are prescribed are not affected by provisions of this AlMar. Extra compensation being paid to personnel at posts and stations for qualification prior to 1 April, 1947, with weapon other than carbine and rifle is not affected by the provisions of this AlMar.

STATESIDE LIBERTY UNIFORMS

The new khaki jackets are a prescribed liberty uniform at all posts in the United States, where they have been issued. A recent AlMar by the Commandant indicated that all posts were not enforcing this regulation. The AlMar reads:

"The Marine Corps has always taken pride in its reputation for the smart appearance of its members and it is expected that all officers and enlisted men manifest a desire to maintain that reputation.

"Commanding officers will take immediate steps discontinuing the practice permitting officers and enlisted personnel to appear in public places off posts and stations in shirt and trouser combination. Liberty uniform for officers will include the coat or jacket in accordance with Letter of Instruction No. 1274. Liberty uniform for enlisted men will include the jacket.

"Exceptions to the above will be made only in cases of enlisted men who have not been issued jackets."

That's the word men, better wear those jackets while on liberty.

Changes in Eligibility for Overseas Duty

There's hope for those Marines desiring foreign shore service, but for those who don't desire it or have been dodging it, the outlook is black. Hereafter the following enlisted men who have two years or more to serve on current enlistments or extensions thereof are eligible for transfer to sea or foreign duty: (a) Regulars with no previous sea or foreign shore service; (b) Regulars who have completed one year's duty in the United States as of 18 March, 1947, (including leave time and excluding time in naval hospitals for treatment) since date of last return from overseas, except personnel who volunteer for foreign duty under the provisions of CMC Ltr to all CO's NR 1515-35 over DFB-927-MP. The latter will be eligible regardless of date of last return from overseas.

SERVICE IN GRADE PROMOTIONS

AlMar 47 clarifies one section of L of I 1352 concerning the length of time a Marine must serve in grade before he is eligible for promotion. Headquarters has now ruled that time served satisfactorily in previous enlistments may now be applied in meeting service in grade for promotions.

In other words, a man who has accepted a discharge and remained out of service for several months, reenlisted and been recommended by his commanding officer for a higher rank, may count his previous time, nine months from PFC to corporal, 9 months from corporal to sergeant, one year from sergeant to staff grades, etc., to qualify for the next higher promotion.

For example — If a man had served as a corporal for six months before his discharge and, if reenlisted as a corporal, he would be eligible for promotion to sergeant in three months with the recommendation of his commanding officer.

MARINE UNITS CITED

TWO more Marine units have been awarded citations for outstanding service during World War II, according to dispatches from Headquarters. The Secretary of the Navy recently signed the Presidential Citation for the Second Marine Aircraft Wing and the Navy Unit Commendation for the Twelfth Marine Regiment.

The Presidential Unit Citation was presented to the Second Marine Aircraft Wing for "... extraordinary heroism against enemy Japanese forces during the Okinawa campaign, from April 4 to July 14, 1945." The Second Wing bore the entire burden of land-based support during the early part of the campaign. They shot down a total of 495 enemy planes during the period covered by the citation.

The Navy Unit Commendation was presented to the Twelfth Marine Regiment for action at Bougainville from November 1, 1943 to January 12, 1944 and at Guam from July 21 to August 10, 1944.

In action 73 days during the Bougainville campaign, the Twelfth Marines aided in smashing an enemy counterattack on the night of November 7, and silenced all hostile fire in the battle of Coconut Grove on November 13.

A few months later, landing at Guam in the face of heavy enemy fire, the regiment rendered effective supporting fire to the assault elements of the Third Marine Division, including the disruption of an organized counterattack by seven Japanese battalions on the night of July 26.

"By their individual heroic actions and skilled teamwork the officers and men of the Twelfth Regiment have enhanced the finest traditions of the United States Naval Service," the commendation read.

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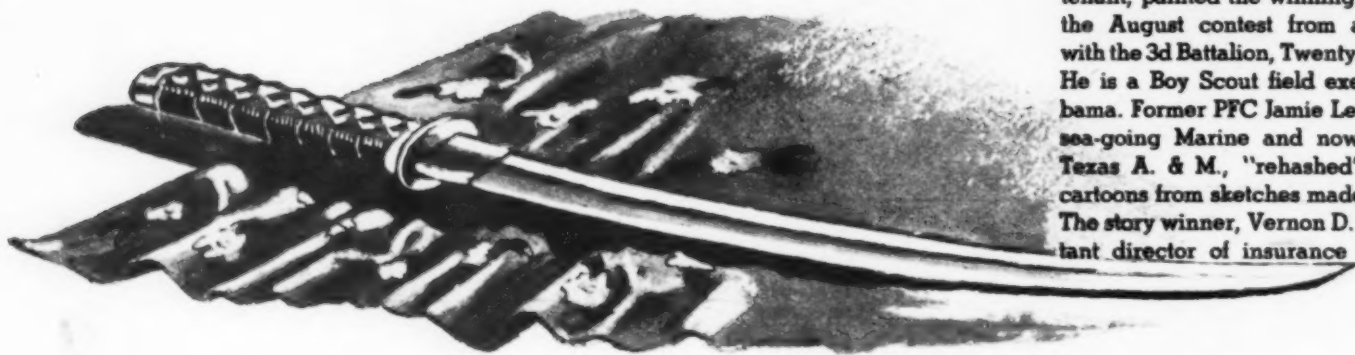
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J. R. Johnson, a former Marine first lieutenant, painted the winning illustration for the August contest from action on Iwo with the 3d Battalion, Twenty-sixth Marines. He is a Boy Scout field executive in Alabama. Former PFC Jamie Lewis, a wartime sea-going Marine and now a student at Texas A. & M., "rehashed" the winning cartoons from sketches made in the Corps. The story winner, Vernon D. Rooks is assistant director of insurance for Kentucky.

SOMETIME between 1626 and 1637 a sword-maker named Kunihiro practiced at his meticulous art of hand-rolling excellent blades for those who could afford them.

His cutlery creating establishment was in the City of Saga, District of Heejan, on the Japanese island of Kyushu. Knowing nothing of his demise, I have no word on why, after 1637, Kunihiro seems to have ceased rolling blades. Possibly he quartered himself in approved Japanese fashion with one of his own disembowellers.

Three hundred years later, one of Kunihiro's creations separated four Chinamen from their most prized possessions—their heads. And for a few anxious moments in October of 1945 a certain Marine, namely me, thought the same thing was going to happen to his noggin.

What happened to this sword between 1637 and the time it started relieving the weight that Chinamen carried on their shoulders must remain a family secret of Makoto Haiyashi. Like the trouble Jack Spratt and his wife used to have on the meat question, Haiyashi spoke no English and my conversation with Japs was limited.

Haiyashi was a gocho, or corporal, in the Nippon cavalry, and he had numerous photographs of himself astride a brown uma as big as Hirohito's white uma. He looked like an overseas edition of a New York mounted traffic cop wearing a monkey cap. But it wasn't his cap or his uma that intrigued me. It was one of Kunihiro's sterling blades hanging from his side and batting against the uma's belly.

Now if there ever was anything I needed and felt every man should have around the house it is a good two-handed Jap samurai sword. And I got it, obviously not in the neck, but as I think back, it seemed uncomfortably close.

Haiyashi resided, more or less, at Sasebo. I say "more or less" because his residence, like many others there, was erased by B-29 pilots who, with malice aforethought, dropped a mess of bombs thereabouts.

On a warm October afternoon I went ashore at Sasebo on a procurement mission, my objective being Oriental gadgets for the wife and kids. Several hundred Marines and sailors were running a fine-toothed comb through what was left of the city, so I took off up one of those mountains that are always higher than they look. After spending a few minutes in Sasebo it is nice to climb a mountain where you can smell something besides the night soil being aged for use in vegetable gardens.

As I climbed I overtook a Jap soldier pushing a bicycle. This struck me as a bit strange as Jap soldiers usually ride the bikes downhill and let their wives push them uphill. I bethought myself to address this unusual character on the subject of kimonos, fans, flags, dolls, etc.

So I said, "Hey," which seemed as good a way as any to start a conversation neither of us would probably understand.

"Kean-nee-chee-wa," he countered, which the phrase books say means "good day" or "good afternoon." So we were off to a flying start.

"Do you speak English?" I asked, and here is a funny thing. The Japs nod their heads to indicate yes, but they don't shake their heads to indicate no. They turn their palm toward you and waggle their hand instead. He gave me the negative hand waggle.

I said something nasty to him to see if he understood English. He grinned appreciatively.

I felt like the bear who went over the mountain. I had no idea that I was going to find when I got to the top, and I couldn't ask my companion. Just then a dirty-faced Jap urchin came careening down

the steep road on a home-made scooter with wooden wheels. He stopped.

"Good afternoon, Sir, do you have a cigaret?" he surprised me in good English. Now if you spent the rest of your life in Japan and encountered every urchin from the age one to twenty, each and every one would probably greet you with "Ciguhreete?" or some similar sound effect. To give one a cigaret is a risky business as you will suddenly find yourself being convoyed by a mob of similar urchins clamoring, begging and yelling for some of the same thing—and the supply will never equal the demand. So I glanced suspiciously up and down the road to see where his cohorts were hiding.

"How old are you?" I sparred, harking back, I suppose, to Stateside rules against children smoking.

"Joo-ha-chee. Eighteen in your English," he answered. He looked no more than seven but I never could guess the age of a Jap. They either look a lot younger or else they are a bunch of liars.

"Where did you learn English?" I wanted to know.

"In middle school. It is required. Do you speak Japanese?" He rattled off.

"No," I said, "Does this soldier speak English?"

"No."

"Why?"

"He didn't attend middle school."

Well, I guess that was simple enough. He got the cigaret and I got the information that there was a small settlement on top of the mountain where all present, except me, lived. The soldier, the bicycle, the kid, the cigaret and I continued our climb. Just as the road leveled out we came upon a huge rock mound that jutted from the side of the mountain. It was about the size and shape of a fair circus tent. I walked around it and counted 18 cave entrances. It was the community air raid shelter but wasn't necessary as the B-29's never got around to the community. I know it is trite, but I've seen so many of these Jap caves I still can't figure out what they did with the dirt and rock they dug out. And I'm not asking for the crack about burying it someplace else.

Not knowing what else to do, I followed the guy with the bicycle right on home. He lived, like practically everyone else, in one of those matchbox houses with a lot of glass windows. The guy parked his bike and motioned me over to a big glass window which slid back. Being careful not to step on the lettuce and radishes in his victory garden, I picked my way over to the window and sat on his floor with my legs dangling outside.

The first thing the Japs do when you stop at their place is to whip up something to drink, usually green tea, but if you're lucky it might be some of their excellent beer or dubious sake. It is beneath the Jap dignity for a male to do the serving or anything else, for that matter, that the good little woman is physically able to do.

An old woman in a black kimono sidled up to the window, went to her knees before me, and placed a tortoise shell tray containing a bottle and two sake cups on the grass-carpeted floor. She then salaamed and we swapped koan-nee-chee-was and looked expectantly at each other.

I was reared in Kentucky and I didn't need an interpreter to inform me she was offering me a drink, but it hadn't been so long before that a state of some animosity had been said to exist between the Japs and the U. S. Marines; and, as I preferred to die at age 106 from drinking bourbon instead of hemlock, I wasn't about to make the first pass at that green-blue bottle. As a matter of fact, the Japs had put out propaganda, false of course, that as a prerequisite to joining the Marines, you had to prove you had

A samurai sword

by Vernon D. Rooks

killed your father or mother. And she looked old enough to be someone's mother.

Well, we swapped a couple of more koan-nee-chee-was and continued to look expectantly at each other until the soldier reappeared. He had, as the girls say, changed into something more comfortable, and was now loosely swathed in some sort of black looking bathrobe. He had a map and a book which he placed on the floor and then, looking at me, he pointed to the bottle and said, "Sake." Not to be outdone, I looked back at him and said, "Sake."

By then everyone was tired of the conversation and the old woman filled the two cups. He pointed to me and pointed to one of the cups. Having seen the trick in the movies, I promptly picked up the cup and handed it to him, mumbling something like "Drink up, MacDuff, and let you be the first to cry enough." He downed it like a little man, and, after watching for any early signs of gastric paralysis, I took a preliminary sip from the other cup. I had the same reaction I had had many times before upon taking a preliminary sip of Kentucky mountain dew—pleasant—so I finished off the cup as a Southern gentleman should—in one gulp.

As the social amenities of the moment seemed completed, we took up a diplomatic stance and he unfolded the map. It was a map of the world, and he began to regale me with his knowledge of America. He proudly pointed out New York, Washington, San Francisco, and even Louisville. I evened up the score by pointing out Tokyo, Sasebo, Okinawa, and Iwo Jima.

The book turned out to be a Jap-English dictionary, and I'd like to point out here a peculiarity of these things that can cause embarrassment. His wife, a mouse looking gal in black pantaloons and blouse, had sidled up (all Jap women sidle in houses). I thought it was his wife, and finding the W's in the dictionary, pointed to "wife" and then to the new arrival. He gave me a hurt look and the negative hand waggle. It turned out that of those chicken-track Jap characters behind an English word, each has a separate meaning and usually in an entire sentence. I had pointed to the character meaning

"your wife sleeps with other men." Well, I didn't know how to correct myself so I let it pass as a case of mistaken identity.

At this point I remembered my objective and produced photographs of my wife and children. Someone has passed the word in Japan this is a signal to drag out presents for those pictured. The Japs, prolific children producers themselves, are always intrigued at pictures of them. I once almost missed the liberty boat trying to get a colored picture of my youngest daughter, sitting under a Christmas tree, out of the hands of a Jap woman who had been staring at it for two hours.

All three disappeared into the recesses of the house and the take (for some 50 yen and five cigarets) included a doll, a fan, and some painted wooden slippers. The bathrobed soldier returned with the family album and here is where the uma and Kunihiro's blade entered my life. There were pictures of family outings, weddings and other Jap shindigs, but when the bathrobed guy appeared in an excellent picture athwart the brown uma with the sword buckled across his right buttocks; my avaricious appetite for two handed samurai swords was whetted.

The soldier printed his name under the picture as Makoto Haiyashi and gestured he had fought the Chinese but not the Americans. I encountered a lot of Japs who admitted fighting in China, but never one who had fought Americans. They may have been telling the truth, at that, because those so fortunate as to fight the Americans had gained the honor of joining their ancestors, wherever Japs join their ancestors.

Forgetting our double-talk dictionary, I blurted out "Sword!" pointing to the gadget in the picture. Haiyashi corrected me with some unintelligible Jap word and I expect he was right as it was, after all, a Jap sword. Yanking out my phrase book, I gave him "ga ho shee no dess," which allegedly means 'I would like,' knowing full well an order had been out for all Japs to turn in their arms to the military police and its possession was forbidden to him.

He gave me the old negative hand waggle, and I couldn't decide whether he was pulling my leg or not for Japs apparently spend their entire lives practicing to keep anyone from knowing what is on their mind. However, I was not satisfied to let the matter drop and continued to return to the pictures displaying the sword, pointing first to it and then to myself. All I got out of him was the same bland hand waggle.

It was a good six miles to the fleet landing and I had to shove off, so I gave him an unenthusiastic koan-nee-chee-wa and gathered up my frugal spoils. As I turned to go he said, "ah-shta," and then had to point it out in the dictionary. It meant 'tomorrow.' I nodded hopefully and departed.

The following day I returned well heeled. I had two packs of cigarets, two bars of chocolate, two packs of chewing gum, a Life magazine and a pocketful of yens. The family had increased. An old man I took to be his father (he wasn't) and a little girl, his daughter (she was three years old on our calendar and four by some kind of Jap dead reckoning) were

present. Ceremonies began with the sake cups again except this time it was beeroo of which Marines are said to be fond. During the course of the afternoon we had several other beeroo.

Now horse trading between Japs and servicemen has three distinct approaches. If you desire to give a present, free gratis, it is 'presento.' If you wish to swap even-Stephen, it is 'exchangay,' and if you wish to buy, it is 'yen,' with variations of the last two. My strategy was to get them in my debt so, at intervals, while they perused the magazine, I presented the baby with the gum, presented the wife and mother with the candy, and presented the two men with the cigarets.

By gestures and referring, with care, to the phrases in the dictionary, I explained Armour's meats, Mennen's baby powder, Hoover cleaners and Palmolive soap advertisements to the Japs. The advertisements and beeroo gave cat about the same time and not once had anyone referred to a sword. I had hoped to find a picture of one in the magazine, but it was no soap. It was about time for me to check out when Haiyashi suddenly motioned me to come into the house.

Neglecting my manners, I trooped in with my heavy field shoes still safely on. The two men disappeared and Haiyashi's wife methodically closed all doors and windows. "Could it be a trap?" I thought. But it was more like the atmosphere of buying bootleg likker back in my college days. The main floor of the house was two feet higher than the hall I found myself in and the old woman gave me a pillow to sit on.

Soon Haiyashi came sneaking in the rear with the sword in its scabbard, wrapped in grass cord, and looking and smelling somewhat of fresh earth. He indicated by gestures he had just dug it up with a shovel. After removing the wrapping, he slid the sword from the scabbard and showed it to me, but he did not offer to let me hold it. The curved blade glistened from the constant care the Japs lavish on such heirlooms. The two-handed combat hilt was tightly wrapped with hard looking braided material covering two brass insignia which aid the grip. Removing a small pin hidden in the hilt, he pulled the hilt from the blade, exposing a hoary-looking metal stub covered with engraved Japanese characters.

With a pencil he made a subtraction: 1945-1625 = 320. The sword, he implied, according to the engraving, was made in 1625 for his family by Kunihiro in Saga and it was now 320 years old. I was properly impressed although I could not reconcile his mathematics when he also said Kunihiro made swords between 1626 and 1637. He then replaced the hilt and walked to the center of the room.

There he took the sword in both hands, and, assuming a baseball stance, went through violent swings, gyrations and acrobatics. When he had worked himself into a lather and me into a state of apprehension, he strode back to me. Sticking out his chest, he pointed to himself and proclaimed, "Haiyashi, yoneen Choo-ge-koo goon." Now 'yoneen' means 'four persons' and 'Choo-ge-koo goon' means Chinese. Then he drew his finger across his throat,

held up four fingers and repeated, "Choo-ge-koo goon!"

Maybe I didn't look properly impressed. I was. I wanted to take the sword and scam, or, as a willing alternative, just to get the hell out of there.

Walking to his rear door, the Jap glanced furtively in each direction and motioned me to follow him down a narrow path that seemed to lead through a bamboo thicket to some scrub trees.

The Marine Corps has taught me many things, but for the life of me I couldn't think of any standard operating procedure in the book covering following a Jap, who carried an unsheathed sword, into the brush when I didn't even have a rock in my pocket.

It is true I hesitated, and it is true I followed with plenty of qualms, but I couldn't bring myself to lose face in front of a Jap, and I wanted that sword.

The path led along a small ravine to a clearing in the bamboo thicket about the size of a GI pyramid tent. In the center was an abandoned well, a swell place to hide a torso and a detached noggin. To one side was a small slate slide and a space large enough for me to try to dive through and roll down the mountain. As he stopped in the clearing, I placed myself strategically near the slide.

The Jap looked from me to his sword to me and said simply, "Now?"

With that, he hauled off and, with one mighty swing, whacked a bamboo tree about half as big around as a telephone pole cleanly in two. Grinning like the cat that ate the canary, he handed me the sword. Limply I took it and followed him back to his house.

There the old man had a piece of bamboo curved like a sword. The hunk of bamboo was as big around as a watermelon and four feet long. One end was solid and through the other he inserted the sword. He then stuffed in some paper and covered the end with a flat piece of bamboo.

Haiyashi took it from him, bowed very low, and said, "Presento."

"Ah-ree-gaht-o," I said, meaning, "thank you."

As I made my way back to the bay and my liberty boat I felt pretty good. It was nice to have the Samurai under my arm, and my head safely on my shoulders.

END



I followed with plenty of qualms, but I wanted that sword





"GIT THAT BELLY IN!"



"GOOD MORNING, SERGEANT"



"ALL I SAID WAS 'TO THE WINDS, MARCH'!"



"I SAID GIT THEM SHOULDERS DOWN!"



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Following are condensations of letters written to the Sound Off editor by relatives of Marines who died during the war, seeking information concerning their deaths.

Mrs. Kathryn Karson, 7120 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif., regarding the death of her son, Sergeant Robert Hayden Jenkins, H Company, First Marine Division.

Mrs. Louis P. Eichman, 1205 Santa Anna St., San Antonio, Tex., concerning the death of her son, Corp. Robert L. Eichman, 2nd Battalion, Second Marine Division, on Saipan.

Mrs. Arthur Westergreen, 772 E. Ayer St., Ironwood, Mich., about her son, PFC Harry Westergreen, A Company, 1st Battalion, Twenty-second Marines, on Okinawa.

Mrs. H. C. Callaway, Box 23, Jonesboro, Ga., concerning the death of her son, PFC William Emerson Callaway, A Company, 1st Battalion, First Marines, on Peleliu.

Mrs. Sarah Stone Neukoemper, 1923 Ruhland Ave., Redondo Beach, Calif., about her son, Gunnery Sergeant Emory E. Stone, Jr., D Company Tanks, Twenty-second Marines, killed on Guam.

Mrs. Nadeau, c/o Brandon A Nadeau Detachment, Marine Corps League, Waterville, Me., about her son, Corp. Brandon A. Nadeau, C Company, Seventh Regiment, First Marine Division, killed on Guadalcanal.

Mrs. Charles B. Lamb, Box 312, S. Longhorn, Pa., about the death on Saipan of her son, PFC George H. Lamb, I Company, 3rd Battalion, Second Marines.

Mrs. A. S. Traweck, 2408 P Ave., Lubbock, Tex., about her son, Corp. Emmet Traweck, wounded July 21, 1944, on Guam, and died aboard the USS William Biddle.

Mrs. Paul Weber, 1046 Becher St., Hammond, Ind., concerning the death of her son, Pvt. William E. Cline, B Company, 1st Battalion, Twenty-eighth Marines, on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. L. Provost, 12 West St., Englewood, N. J., regarding the death on Iwo Jima of her son, PFC Louis A. Provost, C Battery, 1st Battalion, Thirteenth Marines.

Mrs. Ethel Peters, 330 E. Church St., Jacksonville, Fla., about her son, Pvt. Robert L. Peters, C Company, 57th Replacement Draft, killed on Okinawa.

Mrs. Mary M. Levite, 1743 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., regarding the death of her son, PFC George Arlistus Jenkins, F Company, 2nd Battalion, Second Marines.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Rehor, 39 Sunset Drive, Harmon-on-Hudson, N. Y., about their son, PFC Ernest I. Rehor, L Company, 3rd Battalion, Twenty-fourth Marines, wounded on Iwo Jima and died on Guam.

Mrs. Margaret Boudreau, 11 Byrd Ave., Roslindale 31, Mass., concerning the death on Iwo Jima of her son, PFC Henri L. Boudreau, G Company, 2nd Battalion, Twenty-fourth Marines.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Nesbit, 53 N. Franklin St., York, Pa., about their son, Eugene M. Nesbit, 1st Battalion, Twenty-fourth Marines, who died of wounds received on Iwo Jima.

Mrs. Anna Fufidio, 667 Casanova St., New York 59, N. Y., concerning the death of her son, Corp. Walter Fufidio, killed while a volunteer with the 3rd Battalion, Twenty-sixth Marines, formerly of the 2nd Battalion, Thirteenth Marines.

Mrs. Mary Conner, Route 2, Box 540-A, Lake Charles, La., about the death of her husband, Pvt. Allen Conner, B Company, 1st Battalion, Fifth Marines, on Okinawa.

Mrs. Leon Serkin, 92 Oak St., Lawrence, Mass., about her son, Frank Rocky Colezzi, Twenty-sixth Marines, Fifth Marine Division, killed on Iwo Jima March 13, 1945.

Mrs. Golda McGowan, 2338 Bacon St., Concord, Calif., about her husband's death on Saipan. His last organization was D Company, 2nd Battalion, Eighteenth Marines.

Mrs. Edwin W. Payne, 1900 Clayton Ave., Harrisburg, Pa., regarding her son, PFC Ellsworth E. Payne, E Company, 2nd Battalion, Third Marines, who died 24 July 1944 of wounds received on Guam.

Mrs. John R. Lassiter, 525 Riverside Drive, Portsmouth, Va., about her son, Grayson B. Lassiter, Ph.M 3 c, D Company, 2nd Battalion, Twenty-eighth Marines.

Mrs. A. D. Rule, Box 643, Mt. Airy, N. C., concerning her son, PFC James W. Rule, 3-L, Twenty-third Marines, Fourth Division, killed on Saipan 8 July 1944.

Mrs. John F. Rielly, Rock Valley, Ia., about her son, PFC Robert W. Rielly, G Company, 2nd Battalion, Twenty-first Marines, killed on Iwo Jima 1 March 1945.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brees, 810 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan., regarding the death on Okinawa of their son, Pvt. Vernon L. Brees, G Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines.

Mrs. D. Marmion, 295 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., about her son, Vincent J. Marmion, with Parris Island boot Platoon 218 and later killed on Saipan 18 June, 1944.

Mrs. D. G. Norcross, 33 Ash St., Manchester, N. H., about her son, PFC Edgar R. Norcross, VMTB Squadron 232, Fourth Marine Air Wing, FMF, commanded by Major A. Feldmeir. He was killed over Yap 16 March 1945.

Ira M. Passons, Route 1, Wheeler, Tex., concerning the death of his son, Lieutenant James P. Passons, C Company, 1st Battalion, Twenty-ninth Marines, on Saipan.

Mrs. Grace Hoff, 1008 Grant St., Kalamazoo, Mich., about her nephew, PFC James A. Visser, B Company, Eighth Marines, killed on Saipan.

Mrs. Pearl Branning, 1102 Normandy St., Houston 15, Tex., concerning the death of her son, Pvt. Frank E. Branning, C Company, 1st Battalion, First Marines, killed on Peleliu.

Kenneth Swanby, Route 1, Burlington Wash., about his brother, Corp. Owen Swanby, A Company, 1st Battalion, Twenty-first Marines, killed on Iwo.

Mrs. Louis Peshkin, 1140 39th St., Des Moines, Ia., about her son, PFC Alvin Peshkin, Twenty-fourth Marines, killed February 20, 1945, on Iwo.

Leo F. Brady, 272 Morton Ave., Rahway, N. J., about her son, Pvt. Terrence J. Brady, D Company, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, killed at Henderson Field.

John De Gooyer, Jr., Sanborn, Ia., regarding the death of PFC Merton R. Riser, Company K, Eighth Marines, Second Marine Division, on Tarawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess W. Duncan, RD 2, Trenton, Mo., concerning their son, Pvt. William A. Duncan, killed on Iwo Jima with F Company, 2nd Battalion, Ninth Marines.

Mrs. Ida Huston, Calistoga, Napa Co., Calif., about her son, PFC Blaine D. Huston, K Company, 3rd Battalion, First Marines, killed on Peleliu.

Mrs. Rose Goodman, 1012 West Beech St., Long Beach, N. Y., about the death of her son, Captain Howard K. Goodman, M Company, 3rd Battalion, Fifth Marines. She would especially like to hear from Captain Charles McCulliff of the Fifth.

Mrs. J. W. Burchfield, 1221 13th Ave., Altoona, Pa., concerning her son, PFC Marion C. Burchfield, E Company, 2nd Battalion, Ninth Marines, killed on Iwo Jima February 27, 1945.

Alfred Hicks, Olive Hill, Ky., about Pvt. Howard Hicks, C Company, 1st Battalion, Sixth Division, killed on Okinawa.

Myrtle M. Barker, Box 195, Cheyenne, Wyo., about her brother, Charles L. Barker, E Company, 2nd Battalion, Nineteenth Marines, killed on Guam.

Mrs. Mary Darnell, Roachdale, Ind., about her husband, Pvt. James M. Darnell, Twenty-fifth Marines, killed March 13, 1945, on Iwo Jima.

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The following first-named persons seek information concerning the whereabouts of the second-named.

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Technical Sergeant J. W. "Red" Richardson, *Leatherneck Magazine*, Box 1918, from old buddies who were in D Company, 1st Battalion, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai.

Wally S. Hymel, 523 Deckbar Ave., New Orleans, La., formerly with the 2nd Battalion, Sixth Marines, from old buddies of his outfit, especially Headquarters Company.

Sterling G. Young, Somerset St., Stanford, Ky., from anyone knowing the address of William E. Mull, to send a Purple Heart Citation belonging to him.

Edward Andrusko, 13 Gordon St., Woodridge, N. J., from former members of I Company, 3rd Battalion, Seventh Marines, concerning a reunion.

WO John W. Woodfin and wife, Trailer Park, No. 21440, Camp Lejeune, N. C., from old Marine Corps friends.

Quincy B. Welch, Route 2, Tyler, Tex., from former Corporal Henry F. "Seaweed" Savoy, Fourth Marine Division, last heard from at San Diego R & R Center.

Miss Bobbie Ryman, 4315 A St., Tampa, Fla., from old friends formerly with Squadron 20, Cherry Point, N. C.

Corporal Harold N. Hagblom, Storage and Repair Depot, Special Service, Barstow, Calif., from old buddies who were in Platoon 131 (presumably San Diego) 1942.

Robert E. Beard, 1450 Adams St., Denver 6, Col., from buddies who were in Platoon 408, San Diego, 1942, or with VMF 111 overseas.

Robert F. Dowdy, 9345 Manchester Ave., Houston 12, Tex., from men he did duty with aboard the *Little Rock*, especially Gail D. Martin, the ship's cook, and old buddies who were in Platoon 200, San Diego, 1941.

Kenneth Paul Akins, 303 Hancock St., Topeka, Kan., from Corporals Marvin O. Killingsworth and Albert L. Layton, formerly aboard the USS *Antietam*, the Mighty "A."

Mrs. T. B. Tuttle, 501-A West 5th St., Marshfield, Wis., from Sergeant James Tesini, and PFC Edwin Marzko, B Company, 1st Battalion, Fourth Marines.

Donald "Ace" Tervolis, 3602 Gibson St., Detroit 1, Mich., from Charles Franklin Wilson, originally with A Company, Fourth Marines, Shanghai, and later a member of Headquarters Company.

Gerald D. Lowe, RFD 3, Jacksonville, Ill., from Donald Myers, formerly with C Company, 5th Medical Battalion, Fifth Marine Division.

Bernard C. Shrosk, 708 St. Clair Ave., Jeannette, Pa., from Platoon Sergeant Charles A. Hall, formerly with E Battery, LAAG, 16th AAA Battalion.

Norman MacLeod, 527 Lowell Road, Methuen, Mass., from Ted Childers, whom he met in December, 1945, aboard the USS *Wakefield* enroute to China.

Elton Whisenhunt, 1248 San Felipe Cts., Houston 3, Tex., from all former members (officers and enlisted) of the First Raiders in connection with a history covering the battalion's activities around Tulagi and the 'Canal.

Mrs. Opal Wickliffe, 1916 Liberty Beaumont, Tex., from her husband, Thomas B. Wickliffe, in a case of emergency.

Issy Tessler, Kerhonkson, N. Y., from personnel attached to the post farm, Parris Island, 1943-45.

Edward M. Richwalski, 907 Mason St., Rhinelander, Wis., from buddies who were in the Old Fourth, including M. D. Monk, J. E. McMillian, J. P. Zimba and Jimmy J. Jordan.

J. R. Bazet, Box 1127, Houma, La., from members of VMF 223 who served on the 'Canal from August 1942 through October and were later returned to El Toro, Calif.

PFC C. N. Henning, Service Company, 1st Service Battalion, First Marine Division, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif., from Lowell Ferguson, last stationed at Miramar, Calif.

Mrs. Marie White, 1976 South 7th St., E., Salt Lake City, Utah, from PFC Herbert Stewart, B Company, 1st Engineer Battalion, First Marine Division.

Joseph J. Dettorre, 3412 Scranton Road, Cleveland 13, Ohio, from PFCs Ervin Haram, Schnider and Haverland, all of E Battery, 2nd AAA Battalion.

Raymond Lines, 535 E. Garfield Ave., Phoenix, Ariz., from former members of A Company, 5th Medical Battalion, Fifth Marine Division, in connection with a reunion.

Richard Vaughan, 125 North Porvenir Rd., Albuquerque, N. M., from William Clanton, Jim Sherman, and anyone from Platoon 564 who went through PI around September, 1944.

Horace V. Jenkins, Route 1, Maben, Miss., from his buddy, Tommy Land, Jr., who was with the 45th Replacement Draft.

Mary Carrabba, 1710 Grand Ave., Dayton 7, Ohio, from Herbert Norton, Ph.M. 2/c, VMO6, Sixth Marine Division.

Charles A. Castellano, 1014 John Ave., Scranton 10, Pa., from fellows who knew him while he was stationed at El Toro, Calif., during July and August, 1945.

Bill Dushler, 1910 Pearl St., Denver, Col., from Ex-PFC Gordon Sargent, formerly of B Company, 1st Battalion, Seventh Marines.



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To: Director, Division of Reserve
Headquarters, Marine Corps
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Books Reviewed

AMERICAN SEA POWER SINCE 1775. Edited by Allan Westcott. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$5.00.

AN analysis of the role played by the Navy in our nation's history is particularly timely just now when every nation is more deeply concerned than ever before with the problems of international security. This volume of 609 pages, including photographs and maps, contains a complete and factual operational history of the U. S. Navy. It is written by members of the Department of English, History and Government at the Naval Academy, and is edited by Allan Westcott, senior professor at the academy.

There are sections on geography, strategy, logistics, and the relationship of life lines and bases to sea power. In fact, after devoting 236 pages to history, the authors introduce their views on world geography and strategy so suddenly that this change of pace may come as somewhat of a shock to the unwarned reader. However, these principles are fundamental background for a clearer understanding of the events to which the last half of the book is devoted.

American fighting ships played a vital part in the American Revolution, although to most of us the maritime aspect of that war has not been made clear in conventional histories. Indeed, control of water communications was an exceedingly important factor in the campaigns which ended in decisive victories at Saratoga and Yorktown. Immediately following the American Revolution, when Europe was embroiled in a long period of war and Barbary potentates were sending out their ships to prey on American commerce, there was little peace at sea.

During the War of 1812 the United States Navy won added respect among European nations. The Navy's popularity at home increased and its achievements contributed to the growing spirit of national unity and loyalty. Ships of the British Navy, which had hung up a record of some 200 victories against five defeats in European waters, were soundly beaten in a number of single-ship actions.

In the ensuing years of peace, the U. S. Navy continued its basic functions of protecting trade and implementing our diplomatic policy, and at the same time conducting several interesting operations, including voyages of exploration and the opening of Japan by Commodore Perry. In the summer of 1846, when war broke out with Mexico, the Pacific Squadron made a vital contribution to the nation's westward expansion by capturing all the principal ports of California and opening the way for the complete conquest of that area.

The Civil War brought on a whole series of naval operations and engagements. There was the battle of the ironclads at Hampton Roads, which was tactically a draw but strategically a defeat for the Confederate forces. There was the New Orleans campaign which led to the fall of that city to Union naval forces and opened the way for ships of the North to proceed up the Mississippi and open the attack on Vicksburg. There were a number of amphibious campaigns, and their general lack of success illustrates dramatically how imperfect the requirements for amphibious warfare were understood at the time.

Between the Civil War and the war with Spain, a "new Navy" was built, the result of funda-

mental improvement of all types of naval material. Concepts of naval techniques underwent a similar overhauling with greater stress being placed upon squadron rather than single-ship action. Although in the war with Spain the naval actions were practically bloodless for the victor, the role played by the fleet is of great historical significance. In fact, in the Philippine campaign and the Cuban campaign, the role of the Navy was strikingly similar in some respects to the part it played a half century later in the Pacific war against Japan.

Technological advances brought about more changes in ship design between 1900 and 1910 than there had been in the previous 30 years. By the eve of World War I, ships were equipped with such devices as gyro compass, radio and improved fire control instruments. U. S. fighting vessels were in that conflict a far cry from those which had fought the Spanish fleet. Nevertheless, our lack of preparedness and our inability to immediately bring effective naval strength to bear on the enemy, became strikingly apparent.

We weren't prepared for another sudden development in ocean fighting — the submarine. Our only naval war plan had been worked out on the assumption that we would be fighting a campaign singlehandedly against an enemy that would be free to maneuver toward our shores in the Atlantic and the Caribbean. By the time we got into World War I the British had bottled up the major German surface fleet in the battle of Jutland. The Germans thus lost the use of almost all of their naval force with the exception of their U-boats, which proceeded to carry on a most devastating campaign against Allied shipping.

That actually left us quite unprepared to bring our considerable naval strength to bear upon the Germans quickly and effectively. While it may be true that without the help of our fleet the Allies could not have won, it is also pretty obvious that our lack of preparedness in a practical sense produced tragic delays and undoubtedly cost the Allies many lives. It prolonged the war by as much as four months, according to many estimates.

Our final effectiveness was chiefly due to our remoteness from attack. We had time for preparation after we had entered the war. This fortunate factor, plus the exhausted condition of the Central Powers by the time of our entry, served to compensate in part for the initial delay. But the authors point out that our luck in turning the scale with our fresh forces should not be a cause for boasting, or having undue confidence that preparation for all eventualities during years of peace is not absolutely essential to national security.

Events leading up to the second world conflict, and the naval operations therein, are examined by the authors in detail—at too great a length for more than the most cursory of reviews here. The obvious conclusion to be drawn, however, is that our Navy was better prepared to fight at the outbreak of the most recent hostilities than it had been before in history. It is well that this was so. For as the smoke billowed over Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the Navy found itself on the eve of its supreme test, for which its 165 years of experience was, in a sense, only preparation.

The authors are fully aware of the narrative interest of the historical events about which they write. The reading is never dull. Emphasis is given those aspects of our naval history retaining

special significance today. The impact of new weapons on basic tactics and strategic concepts are explained. The ever-increasing interdependence of sea, land, and air arms is fully stressed.

—J. F. M.

MISTER ROBERTS. By Thomas Heggen. The Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

LIFE on the USS *Reluctant* is not what you might expect to find aboard a ship of Uncle Sam's Navy in wartime. But the *Reluctant* is no swift destroyer or impressive battleship rushing through the high seas on heroic mission. She is a sauntering cargo vessel officially classified as a naval auxiliary, and more aptly referred to by her disgusted crew as "this Bucket."

Existence on the Bucket, unpleasant for any action-hungry man at best, is not helped by the disagreeableness that burgeons between the various cliques. The only person not particularly affected by the internecine ugliness is the cargo officer, First Lieutenant Roberts. Mr. Heggen has very skillfully welded together a series of events, some of them hilarious, into one of the most fascinating tales to come out of the war.

As the nominal leader of the uncongenial crew, Roberts is liked and respected by both the officers and men, whose petty jealousies and distrust allow for just one point of agreement — liking for Mister Roberts and hatred for Captain Morton. Throughout the incessant quibbling Mister Roberts is the one individual who keeps the ship's personnel together. The captain, pompous and persecuting, grumpily holds himself at the other end of the scale of human relations. He takes sadistic delight in refusing the transfer Mister Roberts so often seeks.

The crew represents a miscellany of pre-war America. A lack of organized discipline by the rightful authority leads to the development of a series of small leaderships from which are born the cliques, among both officers and men. Two of the most notable personalities, besides Roberts, are Ensigns Keith and Pulver. Keith, a freshly commissioned eager-beaver college boy from Boston, creates a startling break in the monotonous routine with his grandiose entry. He sets for himself the task of converting this thoroughly non-regulation ship into the sort of model organization he had been led to expect he would find in his life as a military leader. Before he can be beaten down too badly he stumbles into a torpedo juice party, gets drunk and is promptly reformed into a *Reluctant*-type officer.

Ensign Pulver, who displays a boyish devotion to Mister Roberts, takes a fiendish delight in heckling the captain, and plays an important part in the final development of the slightish plot.

The book is a curious mixture of humor and pathos, and is written with great understanding. When you laugh you realize there is nothing at all funny in the dreams of idealistic Mister Roberts, who would fight a man's war; nothing funny in what happens to him. But as you grin a little guiltily at the final scene — Pulver's pitching the captain's precious palms overboard once more — you feel that you should, instead, be much more serious about what has been conveyed to you.

—R. A. C.



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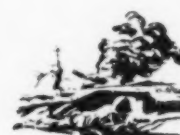


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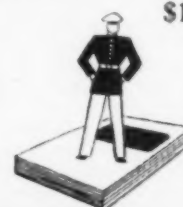
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The smooth orchestra now
grooving on Pompton Turnpike
began its jive career under
Tommy's direction at Pendleton



NOTE ON REED



Tommy took over the Camp Pendleton band when its leader, Dick Jurgens, went overseas. The band's vocalist was Charlene Pryor of Culver City



Messrs. Cochrane, Howell, Baker, Kulok and Dotson gather around the mike for a smooth chorus of sweet, muted slide and trumpet artistry

by Karl A. Schuon
Photos by Louis Lowery
Leatherneck Photographic Director



At Donohue's, Tommy (right) leads his present aggregation including Kulok, Howell and Baker, trumpets; Dotson and Cochrane, trombones; Becker, piano; Ramos, bass fiddle; Boissoneau, drums; (back row) (seated) Owens, Kenny, Battaglia, Harpham and Newman, saxophones

TONS OF SHELLS were being hurled onto the beach at Betio and the early dawn of November 20, 1943, shook with the impact. Then the Second Division band went over the side into the boats. The unit of musicians headed for the west end of the pier on the north side of the island. An amtrack dropped them some distance from the jutting pile and, as they advanced with the fourth wave, flying lead lashed the water into furious foam.

One of the bandmen was Sergeant Tommy Enos, now known as Tommy Reed, the orchestra leader who is currently holding forth from the bandstand at Donohue's on the Pompton Turnpike.

Tommy wasn't whistling when he walked into a Chicago recruiting station back in March, 1942. He carefully omitted the information that he knew anything about music or that he had played a saxophone for 12 years in the orchestras of Russ Morgan, Joe Venuti, Neil Bondshu and Henry King. In the Corps Tommy wanted to be an aerial photographer.

But classification wasn't impressed with his photographic ambitions and in August of the same year he landed on Guadalcanal with the First Division, shooting with a rifle instead of a camera. Seven months of fighting resulted in a mild case of malaria for the ex-musician and he was shipped to New Zealand for a rest.

Shortly after his arrival a howl was raised for volunteers for the Second Division band. Musicians were scarce and Tommy's memories of the 'Canal were still just a bit too vivid for him to ignore what promised to be easy duty. He broke down, confessed his past and became a Marine bandsman.

He may have been looking ahead to the time when he would be leading his own aggregation in top American dance spots for he gave lung to seven

months of pent up blowing, and his saxophone playing became a virile addition to the music provided by the dance band at Wellington's old Hotel Cecil. New Zealand girls, under expert Marine coaching, developed into solid hepcats, and jitter-bugging, with its stomp and boogie finish, had made a beachhead. The Second was jumpin'.

For a while the jiving went along pleasantly. There was always a hell of a din and the timbers of the hotel quivered with the eight-beating it was taking. The Second was having itself a fine time during its rest interval. Tommy's playing may have gathered a little rust while he was a rifleman but now he was giving out with that old groovy stuff in a polished manner that sent the Marines and their pretty partners.

BUT came the day. Orders for maneuvers brought an abrupt end to all the fun. Finally the Second headed for combat. In the weeks that followed the bandmen were surprised to find that their duties were undergoing a slight change. The band's instruments were packed and stored away and the bandmen were now under the direction of medical officers. The brass blowers and skin beaters were to become litter bearers. Tommy and his fellow musicians consoled themselves with the fact that the brief vacation had been swell while it lasted. They worked hard during their training period and when they had made their last practice landing and a large transport received them, they were in shape for their new assignment.

Before long Tommy and his shipmates had a look at the preparations being made for the coming assault. Transports, destroyers and many other craft of war had assembled and the men learned that their destination was to be a little speck called

Betio, in the atoll of Tarawa, one of the Gilbert Islands.

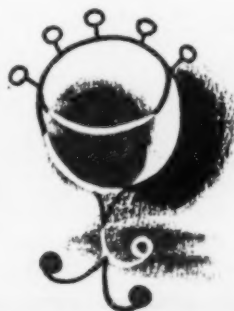
They went ashore, as everyone knows, through an unprecedented shower of bullets and mortar shells. Tommy and the other bandmen hit the water about 600 yards from the beach, and by the time they had reached the sloping land's edge they were a badly disorganized group. But, led by a young doctor, they headed down the beach toward a command post and their original aid-station assignment.

Along the way Tommy saw two badly hit corpsmen on a small sand bar. With another corpsman he started out toward the bar. Before he was able to do anything for them he was hit four times. He tried to get back to the beach but he managed only to inflate his lifebelt before he blacked out. Another bandsman and an engineer found him and brought him back to consciousness. The three men waded 300 yards before they were picked up by an amtrack. The amtrack immediately proceeded to sink. But another one came along and they got aboard.

Aboard ship the doctors found four holes in Tommy's back and shoulder. But he knew he had been lucky to get off the island alive.

After several months in hospitals in Hawaii and San Diego, Tommy had recovered sufficiently to join the Camp Elliot band, then under the leadership of the famed Dick Jurgens. Later, and while the Jurgens outfit was playing at Pendleton, it received orders to go overseas. Tommy, with overseas duty behind him, was retained to organize a new orchestra and entertainment unit. His own band clicked immediately and Tommy was beginning to get ideas about holding it together when all the boys got back to civilian life.

But it wasn't until August, 1946, almost a year



NOTE ON REED (cont.)

Reed's band features
a sweet-toned
six-sax choir with a
clarinet lead



The sax choir, Billy Owens, Tom Kenny, Tommy Battaglia, Tommy Reed, Buddy Harpham and Mickey Newman, cuts loose with a rhythmic rhapsody

after Tommy's own discharge, that he changed his name from Enos to Reed upon the suggestion of his booking agent, and played his first date.

Including Tommy, there are 11 former Marines in the orchestra. A doghouse player who missed the war because he was under the age limit, an ex-sailor and an ex-soldier complete the roster of the 14-piece organization.

The former Marines are Al Becker, piano; Louie Boissoneau, drums; Eddie Kulok, Bill Howell and Dick Baker, trumpets; Bob Dotson, trombone; Billy Owens, Tom Kenny, Tommy Battaglia and Mickey Newman, saxophones. Buddy Harpham, representing the Navy, is a saxophonist, while Johnnie Cochran, a trombonist, is an ex-Army man. Hec

Ramos, the bass fiddler, is the man who was too young to serve.

Reed has built his band after the style of the old Glenn Miller setup, with a sweet-toned, six-man sax choir and a clarinet lead. His own saxophone playing, on the high, clear notes of the Freddie Martin variety, blends the music into smooth tonal effects. His material is as fresh and lively as the youthful veterans who give it all they've got in their zesty renditions.

Tom Kenny is the featured rhythm singer when he's not on the tenor sax. Kenny was a technical sergeant in the Corps and had 28 months overseas duty with the Third Division. He won the Silver Star for his part in the Bougainville scrap. He be-

came the Camp Pendleton drum major when he returned to the States, and later joined the Pendleton dance band, then under Tommy's leadership. He thus became one of the first members of the Reed aggregation.

For Tommy and his boys it was a long jump from Rio Nido, Calif., their first engagement, to Jimmy Donohue's popular spot on the Pompton Turnpike. Located less than 20 miles from New York City, this dine and dance establishment has been the springboard which catapulted many up and coming bands into some of Manhattan's choice supper clubs, and for Tommy and his boys, the Donahue engagement promises a future of bigger and better dates.

END



Johnny Cochran, vocalist, and the trio, Dick Baker, Eddie Kulok and Tom Kenny blend their voices in a bright melody



Pianist Al Becker, Hec Ramos on the doghouse, Drummer Lou Boissoneau and Tommy, reeding a clarinet, have a private jam session at rehearsal



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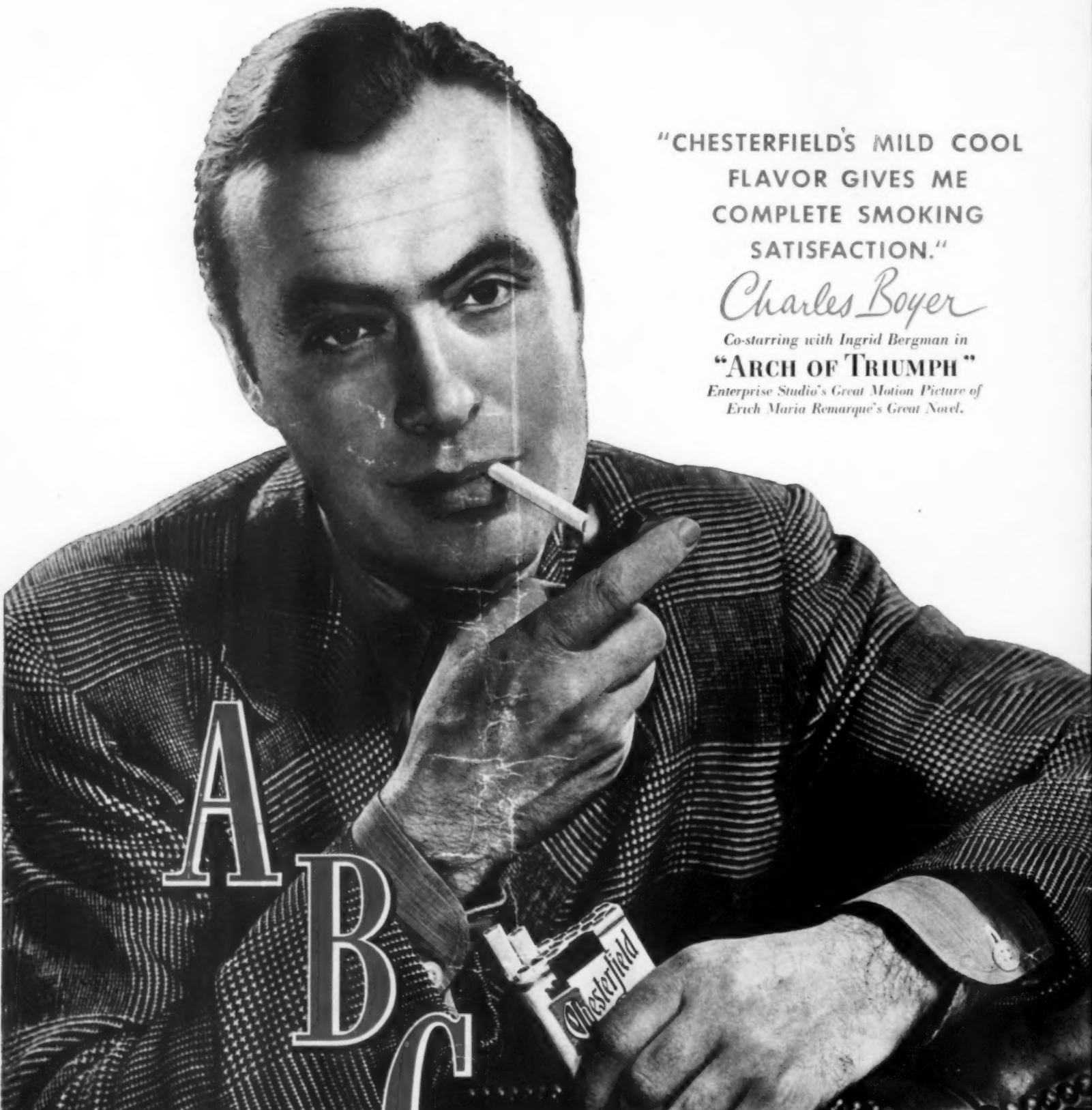
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